

WEEKLY

JULY 16, 1956

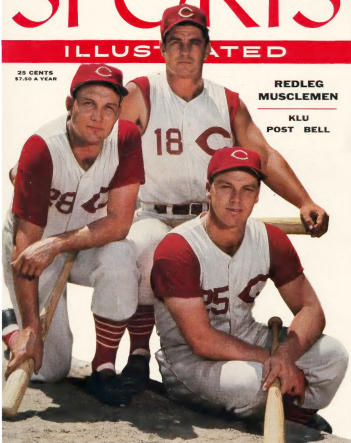
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COVER: TED KLUSZEWSKI, WALLY PONT AND GUS BELL
Photograph by Hy Peskin

Subscription prices on page 21

The Cincinnati Redlegs were once a mild, ineffective, second-division ball club. The last time they finished higher than fifth was 1944. But this season, propelled by the explosive hitting of marmalade batters such as the three on the cover, the Redlegs have soared high and are making a serious bid for the National League championship. For an up-to-date report on their troubles and their chances, turn to page 8.

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GOLF: OPEN SEASON ON THE WOMEN

On the eve of the Women's Open, Betty Hicks dips behind the scenes for an unusually frank portrait of the feminine pros

CONVERSATION PIECE: MARTY MARION

The White Sox manager talks with Joan Flynn Drappoel. A Vesuvius behind a calm veneer, he's not conceding to the Yankees



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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

ONE ELEMENT in any program for physical fitness on which all experts agree is that it calls for exercise of some kind. And the idea of exercise, as such, does not always evoke universal enthusiasm in this country. With some it has even become the style to repeat the comment by Robert Hutchins that whenever he felt the need for exercise he lay down until it passed.

But the national problem of physical fitness—as labor saving devices increasingly discourage old-fashioned but reliable exercises like walking, sweeping and starting outboard motors—is not yet a passing one. President Eisenhower was among the first to recognize its seriousness last year when he held a White House luncheon to discuss the alarming findings of Dr. Hans Kraus and Miss Ruth (Bonnie) Prudden on the fitness of our youth. In *The Report That Shocked the President*, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED (Aug. 15, 1955) reported the President's concern when he recalled that more than 50% of the men examined for service during the last war were physically unfit to serve. The report shocked SI's readers as well, as mail still coming in a year later attests.

Out of the White House luncheon came the President's Conference on the Fitness of American Youth, held last month in Annapolis (SI, July 2). As a result of its recommendations, the President has promised to create a Council on Youth Fitness at Cabinet level and a Citizens Advisory Committee. Their task, in part, will be to explore the facts of physical fitness and determine what to do about them on a national scale. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED will, of course, follow their activities closely.

Meanwhile, in this issue Dorothy Stull explores the activities at a unique obstacle course and gymnasium developed by Miss Prudden, co-author of the original report. Writer Stull, as part of her assignment, challenged the obstacle course as she might a torture chamber. But after conquering its nets, ropes and ledges (see diagram, page 42), she was surprised to find herself in exhilarated agreement with the Westchester housewives who view it with devout enthusiasm.

"It may not solve the national problem," she said, "but it made me forget mine. I never felt better." And that certainly is one thing physical fitness is all about.



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED'S STULL
ON THE NETS

Henry R. Luce

*"Over-privileged . . .
that's the feeling
it gives me"*



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JIMMY JEMAL'S

HOTBOX

C. D. BACHELOR

*Pulitzer Prizewinner
New York
Daily News*



For drama, baseball—the best spectator sport. Victory or defeat may hinge on the last out. For beauty, tennis—graceful runs (sometimes) and beautiful women (often) play on nearly equal terms. And for good measure, the tennis audience is handsome. It even smells good.

LOU DARVAS

Cleveland Press



The drama and beauty of men in competition, from the graceful swirling of the pole vaulter to the emotionalism of a game-winning field goal. For me, the double play in baseball has just about everything the artist can hope to express—drama, beauty and simplicity of line for his drawings.

AMADÉE WOHLSCHLAEGER

*St. Louis
Post-Dispatch*



Stan Musial's cell stance and his traveling as he makes his swing in beauty in motion. Ernie Slaughter's dramatic sprint from first base all the way home on Harry Walker's single to win the 1935 World Series in spite of drama, matched only by a great boxing match for the championship.

BURGESS GREEN

*Presidence Journal
and Evening Bulletin*



For beauty, I'll take Red Rolfe fiddling a banjo or Warren Spahn tagging them in. For drama, any World Series, especially the 1932 Series. But for a combination, give me Ted Williams up at the plate, wringing that bat, with runners on and the Red Sox a couple of runs behind.

VIG JOHNSON

Boston Herald



Baseball is a nine-act show replete with athletic plays and thrilling dramas. Natural beauty surrounds the player at every golf course. Physical beauty is on view in tennis and track. For sheer drama—Babe Didrikson's inspirational "handsome in as handsome does."

JEFF KEATE

*New York
Daily Mirror*



I see beauty in Phil Rizzuto ballet dancing through a double play, in watching my English setter flash a pheasant. Drama? Bobby Thomson's pennant-winning home run. Sam Hagan's comeback after a tragic accident. Babe Didrikson's fight for health, the last-second pass that wins a game.

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LOOK for this Display in drug and sporting goods stores, where you buy your Johnson & Johnson Athletic Supplies. They give you protection with comfort in all sports. Worn by winning teams.



The Question:

What drama and beauty do you see in sports? (Asked of famous cartoonists. Sketches by themselves.)

MURRAY OLDBERMAN

Newspaper Enterprise Association



Drama? An insignificant game in Sacramento. Score tied, bases loaded, none out. The veteran pitcher threw three balls. One more and he was through—for good. Marv Grissom blazed three strikes, struck out the side. Beazley? Can't shake my first dazzling image of Yankee Stadium.

JIM HOUSE

Philadelphia Bulletin



Speedy response to sudden situations, a team's strategy to better an opponent, unpredictable leaders of the game that swirl

on advantage, all make sports a theater for true drama. And what is beauty if not the ordered exercise of vitality and resource to reach a goal? Sports have it.

CHARLES BIRD

Cable Strip Productions



Each artist reads his own poetry into an athlete's emotions. Some react to muscular perfection, others to the beauty of sports or the drama of the contest. Throughout the history of art, artists have been unanimous in their admiration of the symmetry and power of the athlete.

continued on next page

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1. Just write 25 additional words or less on *my* favorite sport because _____
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HOTBOX

continued from page 5

BILL D'BRIEN

Chicago Tribune



A 3-2 count, two outs and the runners on the go—that's drama! As for beauty, I'm sold on the combination of a ball game (Little League or major) and a sunny afternoon. These intangibles of drama and beauty provide for most of us an escape from the dreary realities of H-bombs and balisevics.

KARL HUGENTHAL

Los Angeles Examiner



The drama in the split second of a knockout punch—the beauty in a Thoroughbred charging down the stretch—the rhythmic grace of all competitive athletes—provide a never-ending source of designs for the sports cartoonist, who garnishes the dish with the salt of humor when possible.

LOU GRANT

Oakland Tribune



Beauty? There is true beauty in sports because all art, like sport, is basically flow of line in motion. Drama? Even a Hollywood scriptwriter would have rejected an implausible Jack Fleck's finish in the National Open or the final-second field goal which won the last Rose Bowl game.

NEXT WEEK:

What is the appeal of the sports car and what is its future in American life?



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MASSIVE TED KLUSZEWSKI'S FEATURES ARE CALM, COMPOSED, ALMOST REFLECTIVE AS HE PUTS THE BULKING MUSCLES OF HIS HUGE ARMS

PHOTOGRAPH BY ITC PUNKIN

THE CINCINNATI STORY:

POWER POWER

THIN ARMS of Theodore Kluszewski, bare to the shoulders in the sleeveless shirt he always wears on the ball field, are one of the Seven Wonders of the Baseball World, a sight strangers are brought to see and marvel at, a legend borne out by the truth.

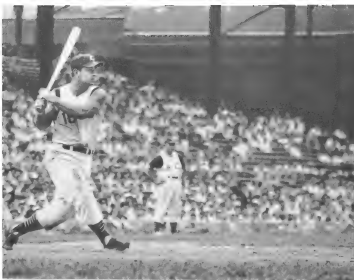
Kluszewski is the biggest man in baseball—not in height, for several players are taller than his 6 feet 2 inches—but in sheer, packed, muscular weight. Last July Kluszewski weighed 342 hard pounds before the All-Star Game in Milwaukee. After it, after hours of batting practice and fielding practice and 12 innings of tense baseball under a blazing sun, Kluszewski, stripped to the buff, weighed 238½, a weight loss so slight in such a huge man on such a hot day that it gave impressive testimony to one player's wryly appreciative appraisal of Kluszewski's bulk: "That ain't fat; that's muscle."

Kluszewski is one great chunk of muscle. Waiting his turn in batting practice, he grinds his slablike hands around the handle of his bat, and the player next to him, whose

humor is cheerful if not subtle, cups his hands under the bat and says, "Let me have some of that sawdust, Klu." Kluszewski smiles faintly, faintly embarrassed by the oft-repeated reference to his strength, faintly bored.

Unemotional, unexcited, even-tempered, he swings his bat with none of Ted Williams' grace, or Stan Musial's precision, or Mickey Mantle's explosive coordination. He holds the bat no more than half way back, it seems, more like a man with a fly swatter who is willing to lead heavily on the fly if it comes within reach but who isn't about to get excited over the chase. When the pitch approaches the plate, he brings the bat down in a short, level swing . . . and meets the ball. That's about all. There's not much wrist action and comparatively little follow-through. It's all arms. But the overwhelming power resident in those arms coars the ball, reverses its direction and sends it flying toward the distant fences.

It's a simple method of hitting home runs, but wonderfully effective: through the past three and a half seasons



INTO A SHORT, COMPACT SWING THAT CONNECTS FOR A HOME RUN, THE FIRST OF THREE HE HIT IN DOUBLE-HEADER AGAINST CUBS

POWER!

After 11 lean years in the second division the Cincinnati Redlegs, loaded with sluggers, are hungrily looking to that rich pennant gravy

by ROBERT GREAMER

no one in major league baseball has reached those distant fences nearly so often as Ted Klenzowski, not Mantle nor Masiel nor Williams, not Willie Mays, not Duke Snider.

Last week, as the Cincinnati Redlegs won seven of nine games to take over first place, lose it, then grab it again in the hectic struggle for the pennant, Klenzowski, his features as calm and stolid as ever, swung his bat massacringly and went on a tear. He hit eight home runs in eight games to move from the rack to the forefront of the power-laden National League's home run race, which was as close and nearly as exciting as the pennant race. What he did, in effect, was remarkably similar to what Dale Long of the Pittsburgh Pirates had done earlier in the year. Long, too, had hit eight homers in eight games to pace his team as it fought for the league lead. Long's homer-hitting apart was steadier and more methodical but, paradoxically, it was also more spectacular. Long, playing for the Cinderella Pirates, hit a homer a game for eight successive games, and interest in him and the Pirates built to a point where he

was called upon by an ecstatic crowd to take what amounted to a curtain call, unprecedented in baseball.

That's all over now. Long has slumped and so have the Pirates. But here is Klenzowski and the Redlegs, and where are the cheers? When the Reds wrestled out a 19-15 victory over the St. Louis Cardinals at the beginning of their great week, it seemed only natural that Klenzowski should hit three home runs to assure Cincinnati its triumph. When he hit three more three days later in a double-header on the Fourth of July, it was noted with interest and appreciation (at least by Redlegs fans) but hardly with gasps of surprise and nationwide bursts of applause. And even when he hit another in the next Redlegs game, and another the game after that, reaction was relatively mild. What he had done was epic, classical, admirable . . . but after all, he was Big Klu, the power hitter. All that happened, so far as the public was concerned, was that Ted Klenzowski had, after a long dilatory spring, reassured his proper place as the

continued on next page

CINCINNATI STORY

continued from page 8

bellwether of the home-run-happy Cincinnati sluggers, of whom he is the veteran, the first, the prototype.

During his first six major league seasons, Kluszewski was just about the only thing to see in Cincinnati so far as baseball was concerned, once Ewell Blackwell's arm had gone bad and Hank Sawyer had been traded to the Chicago Cubs. The Redlegs (they were called the Reds for well over a half a century, and still are by most Cincinnatians, but a few years ago, apparently to ward off a Congressional investigation, the name was officially changed to Redlegs) labored but lost—at the rate of 83 games or more each season—and finished a dink, dismal sixth or seventh each year. They hit 104 homers in 1948, the second time the traditionally light-hitting Cincinnati had ever gone over 100. At that, it was only the fourth-best total in the league, and in the next three seasons they finished dead last in home runs.

In this dismal prairie of single hitters, Kluszewski was a lonesome oak of power. Two things are different, and while the people who are jamming into Crosley Field (see page 22) still cheer Klu, the traditional favorite, they now have never before as well. The crowds come to see Gus Bell (who has five kids and who is as highly regarded for that reason as he is for his powerful hitting and brilliant fielding) and Wally Post (who is also a pow-

erful hitter and a good fielder but who has only four children and is therefore cheered only about fourth-fifth as hard as Bell) and Roy McMillan and Johnny Temple (the light-hitting but brilliant-fielding shortstop and second baseman, the cognoscenti's choice) and Ed Bailey and Smokey Burgess (who give the Redlegs two hard-hitting catchers, whereas most major league teams don't have even one) and a panel of others, most of them recently come to town.

The renaissance of Cincinnati baseball began when the shrewd, personable Gabriel Paul took over as general manager in the fall of 1951. The Cincinnati front office came to realize that if good hitters came to bat before Kluszewski, Kluszewski could bat them in. And if good hitters came to bat after him, they could drive him in. This, of course, is the ideal of modern baseball: a team loaded with long-ball hitters.

Previously, however, the Cincinnati management had remembered perhaps too fondly their World Championship Reds of 1940—a team of brilliant pitching, excellent fielding and sound but not overbelonging hitting, a team, in other words, in the classic John McGraw-National League tradition. Under Paul the 1940 team was as fondly remembered as ever, but as a symbol of bygone glory rather than as an example to follow. Times change, and the resurgence of the National League was the direct result of its invasion of the American League's power monopoly. Gabe Paul went looking in the same direction. He, too, wanted a

lineup loaded with home run hitters.

They are not, needless to say, easy to find. But Paul, through patience, sharp trading and good scouting, found them (starting in 1952, the Redlegs have hit over 100 home runs a season for four straight years). And under the intelligent handling of Manager Birdie Tebbetts, whom Paul hired after the 1953 season, they've developed into outstanding major league players.

Wally Post was a Redleg rookie prospect as far back as 1949. He had another trial in 1951 (when he hit .220), another in 1952 (he hit .155) and yet a fourth in 1953 (.242). Post is a broad-shouldered Ohio farm boy with facial contour that resembles an Indian. He strikes out as awful lot, but he hits home runs remarkably far and often. Paul stayed with his power, and in 1954 Post became a Redleg regular, though he batted only .255. Last year he finally burst through. He batted .309, hit 40 home runs and was the talk of the league. Together, he and Kluszewski hit 87 home runs to rank as the best one-two punch in baseball. Their total was just two less than the 89 the 1940 World Champions hit as a team. Post this year started well but then went into a wild-swinging slump that saw his home runs stop and his batting average sag into the 200s. Now, though, he is starting to hit again. In one game last week he and Kluszewski and Gus Bell teamed with sudden violence to beat Viscaro Brad Mince and the St. Louis Cardinals. The United

continued on page 20

BIOPERSE:

DAVID RUSSELL (GUS) BELL was born in Louisville, Ky., on Nov. 15, 1928. An outstanding Louisville high school player, Gus signed for a \$750 bonus with the Pittsburgh organization in 1947. After three years in the minors, he came up to the Pirates in 1950.

Too devoted a family man even for Branch Rickey, Bell was sent to the minors for three weeks in 1952 for, among other things, "too much traveling with his family." He was traded to the Redlegs at the end of the season.

The Bells live in their own home in Cincinnati's suburban Mt. Airy. In the winter Gus works as a season-ticket salesman for the Redlegs. Married 6½ years and father of three sons and two daughters, Bell was awarded the title, "Sports Father of the Year for 1956."

THEODORE BERNARD KLUSEWSKI was born in Argo, Ill., on Sept. 16, 1924 (weight 14 pounds). He worked two years in a local refinery after graduation from high school before going to Indiana U. on a football scholarship. It was there, while spring training on the Indiana campus, that the Redlegs discovered Klu. Before signing with Cincinnati for a \$15,000 bonus, Kluszewski starred as an end on the 1946 Big Ten championship Indiana football team. He spent two years in the minors before coming to the Redlegs in 1948.

The strongest man in baseball, Kluszewski is one of the most easygoing as well. He is a light sleeper, a heavy reader of fiction and a big eater. Married 10½ years and childless, the Kluszewskis live the year round in Cincinnati.

WALTER CHARLES POST was born in the small crossroads town of St. Wendelin, Ohio on July 9, 1929. He grew up on his father's 160-acre farm and starred as a basketball and baseball player in high school. At 16, in 1945, Wally signed to play summer pro ball for a \$500 bonus. Starting out as a minor league pitcher (28-19 for four seasons), Post was converted into an outfielder in 1948. He received four different trials with the Redlegs before striking for good in 1954.

One of nine children himself, Wally has been married 1½ years and has three daughters and one son. The Posts spend the off season in their modern split-level home on the outskirts of St. Henry, Ohio, where Wally works in his father-in-law's tomato cannery. Post's ambition: "To have my own farm."

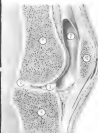
THAT LEG AGAIN: IS IT MICKEY'S FATAL FLAW?



SITES OF RECENT INJURY

- 1 External lateral ligament
- 2 Capsule of right knee-joint

Continued on page 10



SITES OF PREVIOUS INJURIES

- 3 Medial Meniscus
- 4 Semitendinosus
- 5 Semimembranosus
- 6 Biceps femoris
- 7 Femur
- 8 Tibia
- 9 Fibula
- 10 Patella
- 11 Gastrocnemius muscle



SITE OF THE BRACE. The new brace, colored transparent, reveals the muscles it is intended to support.

A fresh speck in Mickey Mantle's oft-injured right leg, suffered while he threw off balance in a vain attempt to catch a Boston runner at home plate on July 4th, could rob 1966 baseball of its most spectacular exponent and Mickey himself of his great chance of beating Babe Ruth's home-run record. With the leg in a brace no one can say how often he will be out of the regular Yankee lineup for the rest of the season. "He is a cripple and insists on playing," says Stengel. Here is an expert medical opinion:

Mickey Mantle has suffered a forcible "pulling" of one of the lateral ligaments of his right knee. This ligament attaches the femur, or thighbone, to the shin, the slender bone of the leg. X-ray examination indicated that the ligament had not been torn loose from the bones. This would have been extremely serious, but the pull was severe enough to cause an effusion of the knee-capsule, a membranous pouch just inside enough to provide a smooth, sliding motion to the knee.

Injury or severe strain fills it with fluid. It becomes tense and painful and prevents motion until it is re-absorbed.

Injuries which have plagued Mantle in the past way very well be linked to his recent accident. The quads hamstring muscles above and behind his right knee have been placing an ever-increasing strain on the adjacent vessels which can still take punishment. The strain and pain have been progressing from the back of the knee upward and outward.

He has been bandaging his right leg from shin to thigh, and now it will be put into a knee-ange brace. This long protective sleeve of two-way elastic fabric has a single metal hinge on the outside portion of his leg and is tightly laced on the inner portion.



MANTLE'S FIRST SERIOUS INJURY came in the 1951 World Series. Joe DiMaggio rushed to his aid, and after the game his dislocated knee was bandaged. In 1952 a piece of torn

cartilage was removed. A heavy bandage still supported his leg in 1954, when he had a second operation. His 1955 World Series appearances were limited to 10 at-bats by a torn thigh muscle.

THE FIRST DREAM TRACK

Hollywood Park, a shining example of progress at the races, is also
a demonstration of how enterprising California does things the big way

BACK IN THE DAYS before Thoroughbred racing earned its present badge of respectability, race-track patrons across the nation could usually expect to be served with as many of the luxuries of life as they would come upon within the confines of a state penitentiary. With the recent tremendous growth of the sport, however, came a gradual awareness on the part of management that a horse player, rich or poor, a regular or a once-a-year better, is not a mysterious creature running around (with blinkers on) seeking only a place to bet and a view of the finish. He was, it emerged, at least as appreciative of the joys of living as anyone else. Thus began the trend toward better race tracks and better facilities. New York, years behind almost every other state in the matter of track modernization, is readying plans for a so-called dream track. Well, the state of California, which traditionally does things big or not at all, already has one. Known as the "track of the lakes and flowers" (no misnomer, as evidenced by the photographs on the opposite and following pages), Hollywood Park qualifies as America's foremost example of first-class efficiency coupled with first-class racing. "To be big time and to stay that way," said the track's vice-president and general manager James D. Stewart last week, "a track has got to keep moving. Look ahead and keep improving." Statistics show that Stewart practices what he preaches, for last year Hollywood Park topped the nation in so many categories (even the gardening bill, \$260,000 in 1966, is probably tops) that it is hard to realize that most of these records are in the process of being shattered during 1966. For example, the daily average attendance is over the 30,000 mark, and the world's record gross purse distribution of \$3,412,928, set a year ago, is certain to be surpassed. Hollywood Park has scheduled 28 stakes this season: four

at \$100,000, two at \$75,000, two at \$50,000, two at \$35,000, 11 at \$25,000, three at \$20,000 and four at \$15,000. Thus the enterprising horseman is tempted, while the discerning fan is delighted by the beauty of the one-mile track and the quarter-of-a-mile-long structure containing more than 25,000 seats in the grandstand, clubhouse and Turf Club. Swift-moving escalators are everywhere, as are spacious

bars and more than 45 refreshment stands. Over from 47 bars, with stall space for 2,000 horses, come the daily fields to be saddled in a paddock directly in front of the stands, and even here the student of conformation gets a break: he can press into a special amphitheatre, with a capacity for 2,000

standees (see following page), in order to make his observations at the closest possible range.

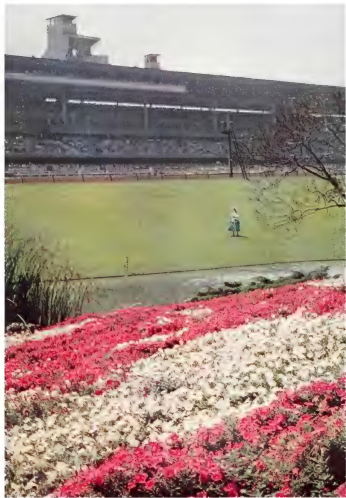
While Hollywood Park shows the way in track progress, some of its resident horses mount a withering assault on world records over a sandy loam surface which is clearly the fastest ever seen, led by a golden chestnut named Swepe, who will park more than 60,000 fans into the track this Saturday as he goes after the \$100,000 added Hollywood Gold Cup. The eyes of the racing world will be on the "track of the lakes and flowers" for still another reason. A few days ago New York racing officials announced that Mr. Arthur Froehlich had been engaged as the architect of the new eastern dream track. Dreamer Froehlich was the architect of the Hollywood Park dream track.

—WHITNEY TOWER

For news of Swepe, the hero of Hollywood Park, and a report on California's booming racing empire, turn to Whitney Tower's on-the-spot dispatch on page 44.

Members of Hollywood Park's Turf Club pass colorful tuberosa begonias on the way to their private entrance





Spacious Hollywood Park stands afford wide panoramic view of 38-acre infield complete with goose-inhabited lakes and backdrop of petunias





From high atop the grandstand turf writers in the press box observe the finish
Horses for each race are saddled and paraded in full view of all track patrons



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

DECLINE AND FALL OF THE SPECTATOR • FROM MODEST TO TIDY
SECURITY AT 50 • NEW RECORDS IN THE MYSTERIOUS, ATHLETIC
EAST • BIG DIAMOND JIM • ON HOW TO GET OUT OF THE WOODS

ON THE FITNESS FRONT

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS had a story out of California the other day which brought a couple of things into reasonably sharp focus: 1) the advent of the channel swimming season and 2) the decline and imminent fall of the American spectator.

The story, in case you missed it, had to do with a gentleman named Roy Sutter who paddled hopefully out into the blue Pacific late one evening en route from Santa Cruz Island to Fort Huachuca on the mainland, 22 miles away.

He was well greased and strong and two hours later he was splashing contentedly through a group of surprised dolphins when someone tapped him gingerly on the shoulder.

"You will have to quit," said one of his crew members. "Everyone in the boat is tired and sick."

So the swimmer, who was still full of Australian crawl and not even ready for a change of oil, was hauled back into the boat forthwith and probably had to row it back to the island, in view of the condition of his crew.

This points up a sad state of affairs, or rather, two sad states of affairs, if you want to count channel swimming as one. The big thing here, however, is the collapse of the bystanders and spectators, who were resting quietly on their thwarts or cots, as the case may be, and still lacked the stamina to negotiate the 22 miles.

There has been quite a commotion about the parlous state of American youth lately, what with surveys which hold that the average European kid of 12 can touch his toes all day and the average American kid can't bend that far, but the splurge by American

athletes in the Olympic trials proves pretty conclusively that whether or not you can touch your toes has little to do with your ability to cover a stretch of ground at high speed.

As long as toe touching is not an Olympic event, American youngsters seem likely to do as well or better than ever this year. While the toe-touching fans are deploring our lack of flexibility, the American younger generation continues to grow taller and heavier and stronger and faster, and probably that's one reason they can't touch their toes very well. They have grown too far away from them.

At any rate, the American athlete is still probably the best in the world, the American spectator is wasting away and unless someone with a strong and undimmed mind like that of Avery Brundage does something about it, he may disappear forever into a

darkened living room or a TV bar.

The way things stand now, as the competitors get stronger, the spectators weaken and more and more of them stay home to watch TV because they can't stand the exertion of a trip to the arena.

Maybe you can blame this on TV, along with the troubles which beset minor league baseball and minor league boxing. But time was when a real, hairy, oldtime spectator would battle for an hour to buy a ticket and two hours to get a seat at nearly any old contest, and that breed is becoming one with the whooping crane.

What the solution to the problem may be, we don't know. Perhaps a sort of spring training for spectators with courses in elbowing, sitting in the rain, sprinting up and down aisles and battling traffic would help.

continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

• On Crossing Bridges

Unseeded Italians Nicola Pietrangeli and Orlando Sirola dropped Americans Vic Seitas and Ham Richardson from Wimbledon doubles handily, raised possibility that the U.S. may have worried needlessly about facing Australia in Davis Cup challenge round in December.

• Standings, Nevada Style

In Las Vegas, where games won and lost are only incidental to baseball standings, here is how the tight National League race shaped up last week: Brooklyn, even money; Milwaukee, 6 to 5; Cincinnati, 5 to 2; St. Louis, 16 to 1; Pittsburgh, 49 to 1; Philadelphia, Chicago, New York, 100 to 1.

• Shore Leave

Russian athletes at Melbourne may have to get shore leave to compete in the Olympic Games. Soviet Union has requested permission to house athletes aboard Russian ships in port instead of at huge Olympic village. Likeliest reason: fear of muzzings.

• Coast Schools Offside

In latest Conference penalties for football excesses, University of California drew \$25,000 fine, USC a \$10,000 fine and 140-year Rose Bowl ban. Dwindling list of remaining eligibles for 1957 game: California, Stanford, Oregon, Oregon State, Washington State and Idaho.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

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Unless something is done, the 1960 Olympic crop will probably run faster, jump higher and throw further before fewer people than ever in history.

BALLPLAYERS AND ECONOMICS

BACK in the latter days of Happy Chandler's reign as commissioner of baseball (when there were 11 million U.S. television sets) the broadcast rights to the All-Star and World Series games were judged to be worth \$1,150,000 a year. With 40% of it going into the players' pension fund, major leagues could look forward to their first professional "security": a modest \$100 a month at 50 for 10-year men. Last week (there are now 40 million TV sets) the broadcast rights were reassessed at \$1,250,000 a year—or enough to give a 10-year veteran of the majors a tidy \$300 a month at 50.

Since the new contract suggests that major leaguers have never had it so good, it is a pity that the news came too late to be included in a thoroughgoing study of the ballplayer's lot just published by Professor Paul Gregory of the University of Alabama. *The Baseball Player: An Economic Study* (Public Affairs Press; \$3.75) is a 213-page document which soberly analyzes the factors that determine baseball salaries. How much a player gets depends, among other things, on his ability, his box-office appeal and where his team finishes. Professor Gregory concludes, Ned Garver won 26 games with the last-place St. Louis Browns in 1951, but poor Ned had no bargaining power. As Bill Veeck observed when Garver hit him for a raise: "We finished last with you; it's a cinch we can finish last without you."

Since Gregory is a longtime contributor to the *Harvard Business Review*, he occasionally falls into professional economic jargon, but for the most part he covers the economic importance of batting records and trading ("In 1915 Manager Joe Castillon of Minneapolis traded Outfielder Bryce Hopper to the Chicago Cubs for a hunting dog"), as well as the size of major league parks and the impossibility of replacing them, with the informal humor generally attributed to ballplayers. As a result, *The Baseball Player* must be one of the most entertaining works of economics ever written. It ranges over the whole baseball scene, including the economic importance of gifts from the fans (they once gave Rube Marquard an automo-

bile they hadn't paid for and presented Chief Bender with a gold razor, not knowing Indians have no beards).

Perhaps the most memorable economic thesis in Professor Gregory's whole book, however, is one lifted from the saga of Babe Ruth. When Ruth asked for \$80,000 in 1920 he was told that was more money than Herbert Hoover was getting as President. "What the hell has Hoover got to do with it?" roared the Babe, who then added thoughtfully, "besides, I had a better year than he did."

ON YOUR MARK—BOOM

A UNITED STATES intelligence report, unclassified and based on a careful study of Chinese mainland newspapers, etc., says that Communist China is now holding some 2,070 contestants in preparation for the Olympic Games. What the Reds are sending to Melbourne seems not to interest intelligence so much as what they are keeping at home.

The Communists claim to have broken 384 Chinese records in orthodox sports events in the past year and are now boasting about the performances of some one million participants from 11 trade unions in a workers' athletic tournament and their plans for 30,000 rural sports associations. And they are talking up, pretty loud, some respectable showings made by 491 Chinese athletes in other countries, especially soccer matches in other satellite lands.

Peking, however, is soft-pedaling the performances of its stars in some special categories of sport not likely to reach Olympic competition. These are competitive military events—not merely shooting (though there are 629 marksmen's clubs in Peking alone, with 84,600 members) or parachute jumping but "searchlight operation," "hand-grenade throwing," "bridge building" and, perhaps the least attractive sport ever devised, "landmine-laying."

The reports throw a good deal of light on the old records that have been broken. The best Communist China time for the 100 meters is 16.6, which was the time of the winner of that event in the 1924 Olympics. As might be expected, Chinese records look worst in sports requiring long training and top coaching. In the high jump, pole vault, javelin throw and 1,500 meters, their best performances rank with those of the 1900 to 1912 Olympics. One of the new Chinese Communist records is a broad jump of 22 feet 8½ inches. This was exceeded

by 16 inches in the 1900 Olympics.

But the Chinese women's records are more impressive. In the hand-grenade pitch one of them has tossed the little iron spheroid 135 feet.

THE \$25,000 STRIPER

THIS STRIPED BASS, all by itself, is a prize enough for the hundreds of thousands of surf casters and boat fishermen who seek him along the Atlantic coast, but there is one striper presently at large with a little something added: a gold, diamond-studded tag attached to his lower jaw that makes him worth \$25,000 in prize money to the angler who catches him before midnight September 14.

The tagging of the striper, henceforth to be known as Diamond Jim, was accomplished on a recent hot and humid afternoon in Chesapeake Bay in the presence of about 50 witnesses representing the state of Maryland, newspapers, radio and television stations, the Baltimore brewery that had put up the \$25,000 prize, the advertising agency that thought up the stunt and three seaguing bartenders.

It wasn't easy. The whole affair flirted with fiasco for a full 24 hours. The night before the tagging day Clint Johnson, the advertising agency man in charge of arrangements, was called to the phone at a country club outside Baltimore and informed that the three stripers being held for tagging had just



expired in their tanks. Turning away from the phone, Mr. Johnson scratched his bald head, tugged at his blond mustache and announced that other fishermen were being alerted and new stripers would surely be taken by dawn. Then Mr. Johnson went back to what he was doing, which was playing *Mont Me Tonight in Drowsland* on the piano.

At noon next day the guests began to gather in the bar of the Carvel Hall Hotel in Annapolis, the tagging expedition's port of embarkation. Mr. Johnson was there, mopping his head and passing out mimeographed fact sheets. When a reporter for the *Baltimore Evening Sun* asked him if he had a live striper standing by, Mr. Johnson said confidently, "There will be an announcement shortly."

And there was, too. At 12:30 p.m. a

continued on page 33



"In this crisis honest Guglielmo D'Alimio wears a necklace with the Internazionale Boxing Confederation (Giacomo di Nardinelli, its president), which is a violation of the Sherman Antitrust Act. This announcement is greeted with cries of grief and sympathy by Giulio Milfendi, boss

profondo, who rules boxing with an iron piece but lately has shown signs of taking cream in his espresso. The prelude theme is then repeated and in a chorus filled with rage, curses and threats, newspaper writers sing the famous quartet 'Che cosa accade!' ('What's happening to the fight game?'). And then in the second act ..."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued from page 18

courier arrived and breathlessly whispered: Mr. Johnson's face lit up like a neon sign, and he announced: "Two more strikers have just been taken. We are dispatching a fishing boat to pick them up, and the tagging will proceed according to plan. Davy Jones cocktails are now being served in the dining room."

The guests filed into the dining room, took their Davy Jones cocktails from two girls costumed as mermaids (the guests remarking, to a man, that they would like to tag *them*) and then sat down to an all-fish luncheon which led off with a serving of baked strip-steer. Mr. Johnson took a seat with the mermaids (who had taken off their mermaid tails), and at the head table Toastmaster Karle R. Poorbaugh started introducing speakers. R. Lester Fitzsimmons, head of the brewery, said the contest was intended to promote Maryland as a great fishing state. Dr. Eugene Cronin, a biologist, said the striper was "the king wherever he is found." Miss Jeanne Bayes, the tall, red-haired leading lady of the *Cheer and Des* television show, said she intended to whisper "Look before you eat!" to the tagged striper just before tossing him back in the bay—a purpose for which Miss Bayes had flown down from New York.

At 2:55 p.m. the guests made their way to the boats. Three were standing by: the *Holiday*, the *Three Sisters* and the *Diamond Jim*. Mr. Johnson announced that these boats would rendezvous with a fourth boat named *Three Sisters* off Love Point. With that, he grabbed one of the bartenders and leaped into the *Diamond Jim*, waving for the other craft to follow.

From then on, there was a whole series of disquieting bulletins by radiotelephones, some to the effect that there were plenty of live strippers now, others reporting that all had died. Meanwhile, Mr. Johnson kept racing from boat to boat in the *Diamond Jim*, a runabout, shouting, "Are the refreshments holding out?"

A little after 5 p.m. came a solid news bulletin. The *Three Sisters* had reached Rock Hall, picked up the two strippers and was now heading for the rendezvous. Advised of this, Mr. Johnson pulled alongside the *Holiday* and leaped aboard. He checked with a state biologist who would do the actual tagging with a pair of \$50 custom-made pliers and then suggested to Miss Bayes that she take off her high-heeled shoes

and prepare to leap from the *Holiday* to the *Three Sisters*. By the time he had designated the photographers and others who would go aboard the tagging boat, the *Three Sisters* was along side. Mr. Johnson's man aboard the latter yelled over that one striper had now passed away, but that the other was alive and well. Barking orders like a ship's captain, Mr. Johnson dispatched his boarding crew while Captain Harvey Avery of the *Three Sisters* kept bellowing, "No more, no more! This boat will capsize! Distribute the weight, shift the weight there, some of you come up front here!"

Nobody paid him any mind. Instead, all hands gathered around the tank in the stern and, as cameras rolled, the live striper (a nine-pounder) was placed in the hands of Miss Bayes while the biologist worked feverishly with his pliers and tag.

In the very nick of time the biologist got the tag firmly in place. Miss Bayes uttered her prepared line, "Look before you eat!" and the striper was tossed, squirming and beautifully alive, out in the bay.

The striper—now officially Diamond Jim—vanished into the depths with the chances of his recapture standing at several hundred thousand to one in his favor. Conceivably, the biologists in the party said, he might decide to swim out to sea and up the coast. Or he might stay right in the neighborhood and spend the rest of his days trying to rub off the tag against a rock. He would surely, in the way that strippers have, make up his own mind.

As the *Three Sisters*, the tagging

boat, turned around and headed back for Annapolis (it was now 6:40 p.m.), there was only one tragic note to mar the happy triumph. It was the catastrophe Mr. Johnson had feared all afternoon. In the excitement of transferring the tagging personnel, somebody had forgotten to transfer the refreshments.

THE ROAD BACK

THEir TALE in the Bay Club, a popular hangout for North Bay, Ontario businessmen, usually sticks to fishing and hunting. But on this recent night the fellows were sipping their beer and discussing the perils and problems of being lost in the wilderness of the Canadian bush country. Just about everyone had some sort of experience to tell—everyone, that is, except Marty Vanchell, who had been prospecting in the North Woods for 30 years or so. Marty was being mighty quiet for a change.

"What's the matter with you, Marty?" one of the fellows asked. "Surely you've been lost on some of the early prospecting trips."

Marty smiled a smug little smile. "Lost? Never been close to it."

A few people snickered and one of them slipped him the needle. "Didn't know you were that good with the compass, Marty."

"Never was one," Marty snapped. "As long as a guy has one of these—" and here he drew a deck of cards from his pocket—"he doesn't have to worry about getting lost at all."

Marty studied the group amusement, then slowly went on: "I've tramped through more goddamned bush than you fellows have ever seen, and this little pack has never let me down yet. Guess it never will."

By now even the club steward had dropped his chores to listen to Marty's explanation and, with his audience ready, Marty let them have it. "Well," he said, inspecting the cards in his hand, "whenever you're out in the bush and you think you're lost, you sit right down on the ground, take out your pack of cards and lay out a hand of solitaire. And I'll personally guarantee that within five minutes there'll be somebody looking over your shoulder."

If you are about to say you can tell this story another way, you are quite right. For instance, there is the version involving the intrepid explorer who always carries some gin and vermouth. As soon as he thinks he is lost, he starts to mix a Martini. Sure enough, a kibitzer materializes to tell him to make it a little bit drier.



WATER SPRITE

The channel swimmer's steady, little and wrong and black: He'll swim without the usual grace: He's young and doesn't squeak.

—F. K. WERTS

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

CINCINNATI HOLDS ITS BREATH

All of Cincinnati, like the wide-eyed young lady below, was holding its breath last week while the once downtrodden but beloved Redlegs were having their turn at first place in the middle of a frantic National League race. For two more pages of the wordless intensity of Cincinnatians as they watch the Redlegs split a July Fourth double-header, see following spread

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KY PERLIN



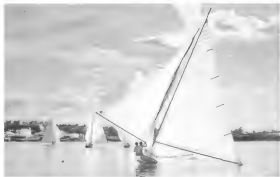
BREATHLESS CINCINNATI





CANVAS UNLIMITED

Tricky Bermuda dinghies with nine-foot bowsprits and crews that may be dumped overboard like ballast provide wringing-wet racing for islanders and visiting yachtsmen



DIPPING BOOM Into the clear water of glassy Mangrove Bay, *Victory II* nearly waterproofs its crew as it tries to rig the splendor pole.



HEEDING to windward (left), sailors lean to keep the hull above water. To lighten ship, crewmen dive overboard, await pickup launch.

CLOUD OF SAIL requiring nearly 1,000 square feet fills out on a rig to leeward. Conventional 14-foot boats usually carry only 135 to 150 square feet of canvas.





TENNIS—WITH EMOTIONS

by WILLIAM F. TALBERT

Love, motherhood, severed apron strings and regal loneliness were part of the atmosphere at Wimbledon last week as Lew Hoad and Shirley Fry at last won through to the big titles

WIMBLEDON is still the center court of world tennis, as I guess we should concede. As such, it offers some very particular challenges. Wimbledon is not only a superb test of tennis but also a test of readiness—that is, of readiness for center court. By these tests, the 71st All England championships last week contributed some fascinating lessons and episodes.

After four years of trying, some of it desultory, Lew Hoad of Australia finally got himself into the right frame of mind to carry off the title. In her second try, Althea Gibson of the United States of America came close enough to be able to say, and impressively: "I'll be back." But first to Hoad.

After the men's singles final I found Lew Hoad in the Gentlemen's Dressing Room, as they have long called it out of graceful habit, at the All England Club. Half-dressed, puffing on an unaccustomed cigaret and swapping banter, the once dour, tense and reticent Hoad was the picture of relaxation. Well, why not? Somewhere, between this year's Wimbledon and last year's (when he lost in the quarter-finals) Lew Hoad has married a pretty girl, become the father of a daughter, done his crashing and successful utmost to win the Davis

Cup back from the U.S., and now he has headed together on a string the championships of Australia, France and England. He is just 21 years old, and all he needs to become the first man since Don Budge to win the "grand slam" of tennis is to capture the U.S. title at Forest Hills this September. And no doubt Lew has fairly confident ideas about that.

His final match against Ken Rosewall—also, as we should concede, from Australia—made it as clear as anything has to be that Hoad is the best amateur in the world, down under or, for that matter, up over. He made a brisk transit up to the final, beating off South Africans, Americans and fellow Australians, until he stood against his old Aussie nemesis, Rosewall. This was the challenge Lew Hoad, in his shaggy in-and-out way, has been facing all his tennis life.

Fragile-looking Ken Rosewall grew up a real prodigy. Ken beat Lew 6-6, 6-6 when they met—as 11-year-olds—in a small-fry engagement in New South Wales in 1946. When they were both 18, Ken beat Lew again, 6-0, 6-1. Mostly, it has been Rosewall over Hoad ever since. But at Wimbledon last week it was like Ted Williams getting proper

traction in the batter's box or Sam Snead getting the feel of the course. Hoad's incandescent big service was hitting the corners, he came up fast to take the returns and punch the points away, and at the end it was Hoad (6-2, 4-6, 7-5, 6-4) who received the champion's cup from the wise-looking Duchess of Kent. And the duchess—and I agree—told Lew: "It's about time."

The odd add, on the record, remarkable thing about Lew Hoad in the 1956 Wimbledon was that he has learned to smile. Nonetheless, in the Gentlemen's Dressing Room, he did his best to suppress this new-found grace. What was the explanation of his success? "Aw," he said, "just experience, I guess." He blew a puff of smoke into the air.

"Do you feel more mature—more sure of yourself?" The question was almost rhetorical.

"Sure," said the Wimbledon champion. "I'm much more confident."

At 23, Lew Hoad has a right to blow smoke in the air. He has been aiming for Wimbledon, in the sense that he has been aware of Wimbledon and of his own talents, since he and Rosewall were 11-year-olds.

And the pressure of Wimbledon is something that must be experienced.

SMILING LEW HOAD ACCEPTS CUP FROM DUCHESS OF KENT



MALE FRY TAKES TO COURT FOR FINAL



CONTENTIOUS VIC SEICIS DEFEATED A



It begins long before Wimbledon, of course, but in a special sense it begins all over again once you reach London. Do you simply take a taxi or a subway to the courts? Indeed no. The All England Club sends twinkly black limousines, flying the kingly purple and emerald green flag of the club out front, to whisk you in regal loneliness to the encounter. On the way, of course, you think of your tennis and of your opponent's tennis and of the critical tennis-wise crowd awaiting you—20,000 of them every day—some of whom have queued up the night before for seats. And if you are a woman, particularly an American or a "celestial," you think of a special task that will confront you when you walk onto the center court: the curtsy to the royal box to be accomplished with whatever innate grace God has given you, in absence of practice, while your mind is still reeling on tennis and your opponent's tennis. Perhaps men find the pressure less. Certainly the legends of tennis can never forget that high day in 1935 when Don Budge stood on the center court during his match with Baron von Cramm and, seeing and sensing that Queen Mary had found her place in the royal box, airily waved his racket in her direction and, it is said, uttered the relaxed and jovial salutation: "Hi, Queen!"

Be that as it may, Althea Gibson made her curtsy well. By that time she was the winner of 16 tournaments over the winter and spring, from Rangoon to Egypt to London. The State Department can never thank her enough. Moreover, the hard-hitting Negro girl from Manhattan was a much improved tennis player from the shy, lanky girl Wimbledon saw in 1951. She brought



ANGELA BUXTON AND ALTHEA GIBSON RECEIVE CUP AFTER WINNING WOMEN'S DOUBLES

to the center court the most powerful service in women's tennis and a smashing overhead game. Britain's able Ann Shilcock, who lost to her, said: "Althea is the toughest player I've ever met." Shilcock added: "She is brilliant but not steady." The same has been said about Lew Hoad.

In her quarter-final match on center court with Shirley Fry, Althea took the first set and appeared to be going strong. Even in the third set it was either girl's match—and the way led open to the championship. But Shirley Fry has been aiming at Wimbledon for a long time too—at least since 1953, when she lost to Doris Hart in the finals. And in her match with Althea it was Shirley who proved the stronger. She kept hitting the returns back, mostly to Gibson's unreliable back-

hand, and in the final games even Althea's service failed her.

"I will be back here next year," Althea said. Shirley went straight on to beat Louise Brough in the semifinal and Angela Buxton of Britain in the final (6-3, 4-1) to win the crown.

This year's Wimbledon brought other episodes that will be remembered. Vic Seixas lost a hard-fought match to Ken Rosewall and, in the course of it, expressed his displeasure at some line calls. By the next day or so, Vic had received about 200 letters from the British public, many pro Vic but more of them con. I thought myself that this match had more than its share of questionable calls; even so it will be remembered as one of the best of all the engagements at Wimbledon this year.

continued on next page

LINE CALL IN MATCH WITH ROSEWALL



HARRIAGE-MINDFUL RICHARDSON HITS ONE



REV FLEET, AN EXPECTANT MOTHER, WITHHEW



WIMBLEDON

continues from page 27

and one in which Seixas came extremely close to beating his old rival.

Ham Richardson was a favorite with the crowd. His volleying was better than he has ever exhibited before and, as a Yank at Oxford (thanks to his Rhodes Scholarship), he cheered a host of old (dark) Blues. It has been a good while, it seems, since an Oxford Blue has made the semifinals at Wimbledon. I went back to see Ham in the dressing room after his defeat by Head and found him happy as a clam—a clam in love, that is. He was already on the phone to Pan American, hunting for an immediate flight to New Orleans and his bride-to-be, Ann Kennington, who has promised to marry him next week.

It should be remembered, too, that the Russians sent observers to Wimbledon for the third straight year. For the first time, they even brought along some players—four men and four women, who did a bit of practice stroking on nearby grass courts but did not enter the All England competition. All of them showed signs of having studied Fred Perry's tennis movies (they all use continental forehands and backhands), and the men and women (see below) seemed to be wearing the same kind of smart stuff Perry prescribes for his pupils at Boca Raton in the winter-time. The Russians are applying for admittance to the International Lawn Tennis Federation, and it looks as though they'll make it. Perhaps is time for the 1957 Wimbledon.

But between then and now there are a fair number of questions to be answered in the world of tennis.

Head and Rosewall now straddle the men's amateur tennis world like two colossi. Head indisputably is the world's best, Rosewall just a breath behind. They no longer are timid little boys tied to Harry Hopman's apron strings. They don't panic easily any more. They are now, on their fifth trip around the world. They have gained independence and with it a poise and confidence which turns stroke-making excellence, which they have always had, into an instrument of destruction.

It isn't a comforting picture for us Yankees who took one of the largest squads in history to Wimbledon, hoping to produce a single spark of hope for our ailing Davis Cup battles. The spark never materialized.

If Wimbledon proves anything to us, it is that at this moment we simply are not good enough. It's a hard and chilling fact, but we might as well face it. Our best players are veterans, either at or over their peaks. Our youngsters aren't seasoned enough for the tough international grind.

At Wimbledon, Vic Seixas, 32, a veteran of five Davis Cup squads, and Ham Richardson, a veteran of three, made the best American showing. Vic's match against Rosewall was an inspired one but the question arises: How many such matches does a man of 32 have left in his system?

Richardson proved no match for Head. Vic and Ham, this country's best Davis Cup doubles hopes at the

moment, lost to Italy's Nicolo Pietrangeli and Orlando Sirois, who in their turn were easily beaten in the final by Head and Rosewall.

Of the young crop, Allen Morris of Atlanta made the best mark. He beat Australia's promising Ashley Cooper to gain the quarter-finals but lost to the cogier Seixas. I am only sorry that Morris, a 22-year-old ex-football player, did not take up tennis earlier. He began the game five years ago. Ron Holmberg, the Brooklyn 18-year-old, gave bright promise for the future by beating Hopman's protégé, Ron Laver, for the Wimbledon junior crown.

But, otherwise, our youth movement proved a bit green for the big task at hand. Sam Giammalva, Barry MacKay and others showed their need for more international seasoning.

Developments left U.S. Davis Cup officials in a quandary: Should we go again this year with the veterans, such as Seixas and Richardson, who on the record have far more losses than wins to Head and Rosewall; or, should we strike out with the "kids"—win, lose or draw? It's a real dilemma.

On the distasteful side at Wimbledon the picture was much brighter but there were definite stern warnings which should cause concern in our women's tennis ranks. In a modern Paul Revere twist, the British are coming.

Shirley Fry's victory in the women's singles was a popular and well-deserved one. The 25-year-old St. Petersburg, Fla. girl has been knocking at the door of a big championship for years. Back-court steadiness and a fighting heart sent her winging past Buxton in the finals. I still feel that Althea Gibson is the best of the modern women's crop. She has all the equipment of a great champion and has found confidence through her recent winning streak around the world. By year's end she should be in the driver's seat.

But the American ladies, who have had things pretty much their own way in international tennis, no longer can relax. The British are developing a cove of feminine tennis talent which is both sound and stubborn.

Angela Buxton, 21-year-old daughter of a midlands theater owner, is perhaps the best of these. Pat Ward, the sturdily built lass who gained the finals of our own championship last year, is formidable. Angela Mortimer and Shirley Bloomer are capable of beating our best when the latter don't have their best guard up.

Gurs is a big tennis nation which is in no position to get complacent—the guys or the gals.

(C.M.P.)



WAGNER'S BOSS RICHARDSON, WHO MERELY CAME TO WATCH, SETS IN SOME GRASS-COURT WORK



Shown by Lucien Cadillac



When a motorist makes the move to Cadillac, the odds are overwhelming that he has made his last move, insofar as motor car preference is concerned. There are, we think, many logical reasons why this should be so—Cadillac's inspiring beauty . . . its marvelous comfort . . . its magnificent performance . . . its

ordinary economy . . . and, of course, the personal satisfaction of Cadillac ownership. Why not visit your dealer soon and investigate these Cadillac virtues? We think you will be delighted to learn how quickly and easily you can now join the happy fraternity of Cadillac owners.

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Just being around them makes you feel good! They're so wonderful to look at—these slender, handsome, active men and women of today.

Their wholesome, up-to-date eating habits—their modern taste for lighter, less filling foods—have a lot to do with it.

Today's Pepsi-Cola, reduced in calories, goes right along with this sensible trend in diet. Never heavy, never too sweet, Pepsi-Cola refreshes without filling. Have a Pepsi—the modern, the light refreshment.



Pepsi-Cola

The Light refreshment

SCOREBOARD

... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...



Peter Thomson, cherub-faced young Aussie, usually went about business of shooting 285 for his third straight British Open title at Hoylake (see page 24), teamed up with Lew Head (see below) to give Australia a fair shake day.



Shelley Mann, gifted Walter Reed swimmer, swam to world records for 100-meter (1:11.3) and 200-meter butterfly (2:44.4). U.S. mark is 499-meter individual medley (5:32.5) (see record-breaking page in AAU meet at Tyler, Texas).

RECORD BREAKERS

AAU women's swimming championships at Tyler, Texas (July 6-7) produced wholesale assault on world and U.S. records, portended great things for distaff waterbirds at Melbourne. World marks were set by Shelley Mann (see above); chunky 14-year-old Sylvia Huszka of Berkeley, Calif., who covered 886-yard freestyle in 16:54.3; Mary Jane Bean of Walter Reed, who glided through 100-meter breaststroke (new event) in 1:22.7. Other U.S. record breakers: pretty young Caris Case of Ridgewood, N.J., 100-meter backstroke in 1:14.5 and 200-meter backstroke in 2:45.3; Miss Bean, 200-meter breaststroke in 2:09; Walter Reed (beats 111st with 194 points) relay teams thrashed 400-meter medley in 5:35.3 and 800-meter freestyle in 19:59.3.

Russian's muscular Mikhail Korneev whiffed off total of 217 feet 9 1/2 inches at Moscow (July 8) to better third (211 feet 1 1/2 inch) and pending (218 feet 1 1/2 inch) world mark for hammer throw just four days after America's Cliff Blair shattered hammer of 216 feet 4 3/4 inches at Needham, Mass.

Egyptian Princess, Cleopatra Sabah's Hallelujah favorite, stepped off two one-mile heats in combined time of 4:38 1/2, best ever by 3-year-old 81's, while winning Coaching Club Trotting Oaks at Gosken, N.Y. (July 2).

BASEBALL

New York, even without full-time duty from injured Mickey Mantle (see page 11), took two out of three at Boston, three

straight from Washington with help of hot hitting by Gil McDougald, top-drawer relief pitching by Tom Stoddard and Tom Morgan to stretch American League lead over Chicago in last 6 1/2 games. White Sox, running comfortable second to Yankees, unexpectedly ran into Detroit buzz saw, dropped three in row to revived Tigers, who won 5th place from slumping Baltimore. Cleveland, on more again, won five from Kansas City and Detroit, edged up on Chicago. Boston's Ted Williams reached one goal, noared second as he batted in 1,596th run, slammed 299th home run.

Cincinnati, vacillating in and out of National League lead, used three straight over St. Louis to nail down 1 1/2-game margin over Milwaukee as Red Sox closers continued to hit long ball (five homers by Ted Kluszewski), and unbeaten Brooks Lawrence won his 12th game (see page 8). Milwaukee could get as better than even break in eight games with Cincinnati, St. Louis and Chicago, while Brooklyn had its troubles with Philadelphia and fell two games off pace. New York Giants broke out with war-wound home-run blast against Pittsburgh, hitting seven in one game, but couldn't get out of cellar.

LOG ROLLING

Chuck Harris, 19-year-old Tacoma, Wash. roller, adeptly balanced himself for 24th of continuous log rolling, upset newly crowned National Rolo Champion Jubel Wickham to take world title in World Championship Timber Carnival at Albany, Ore.

TENNIS

Lew Head, blockbusting Australian who attributed improvement to being "trans emotionally mature," was at his power-hitting best as he overcame countryman Ken Rosewall 6-2, 4-5, 7-5, 6-4 to win men's singles title at Wimbledon (see page 24). Shelley Fry, devastated stroke from St. Petersburg, Fla., finally made it after nine long years, easily beating England's Angela Buxton 6-3, 6-1 for women's crown after upsetting Althea Gibson and defending champion Lesley Burrough. Other winners: Miss Head and Rosewall in men's doubles; Miss Gibson and Miss Ruzic in women's doubles; Miss Fry and Vic Seixas in mixed doubles.

BOATING

Princeton's 100-passed crew (bow, James Newcomer of Portland, Ore.; No. 2, William Satterfield of Little Rock, Ark.; No. 3, Robert Brink of San Jose, Calif.; No. 4, Anthony Fletcher of New Canaan, Conn.; No. 5, Alan Kerkhammer of Mt. Vernon, N.Y.; No. 6, Leonard Yarnes of Wilmington, Del.; No. 7, Raymond Hattig of Honesdale, Ill.; stroke, James Kaiser of Anchorage, Ky.; coxswain, David Schall of Cleveland) wonned up by beating Kent School in semifinal, put powerful boat to work to outstroke Royal Air Force for Thames Challenge Cup in Royal Henley Regatta (see below).

Shanty 1, piloted by Lieutenant Colonel Russ Schick, roared into lead when Edgar

continued on next page

FOCUS ON THE DEED



EYE-CATCHING Sen. Feyer, displaying unique transcon-style stern for the first time, aids to victory in AA class during the PCYA-PHYA regatta out of Royal Victoria (B.C.) Yacht Club.



POWER-STROKING Princeton lightweighters (shown winning first heat) swept past all opposition, became the third straight U.S. crew to win Thames Challenge Cup at Henley (see above).

SCOREBOARD



Bobby Unser, youngest of the driving Unsees (31, July 2), parked his Jaguar up 14,188-foot Pikes Peak in record-breaking 14:27 for 12.4-mile course to win the NR closed for race cars while brother Jerry was fastest in stock car.



Jackie Macdonald, shapely blonde Olympian hopeful from Toronto, kept her newswagon in full swing, tossing about 46 feet 1 inch and clearing 335 feet 10-1/2 inches for new Canadian senior women's records at St. Lambert, Que.



Ken Holmberg, basky 18-year-old diver from Brookline, climbed through field of 20 national junior champions, vanquished Australia's Rod Laver 6-1, 6-1 in "Jungle Wimbledon" final to give U.S. some hope for tennis future.

Kaiser's favored **Seasiter II** threw propeller in final heat, went on to win Mages Gold Cup for unlimited hydroplanes at Lake Tahoe, Calif.

BB Stangle's 58-foot yawl **Jada**, smallest boat in field, trailed John P. Scripps' 59-foot ketch **Noria Del Mar** across finish line by nearly three hours but used two-day handicap to win 3,571-mile race from Los Angeles to Tahiti.

BOXING

Joey Giacobbe, former No. 1-ranked middleweight still trying to shake off rustiness brought on by incarceration for assaulting Philadelphia gas-station attendant with clutch, used flashy combination to batter Tony Belotto in 14th of final round at St. Nick's in New York, gleefully predicted: "I'm ready to roll now."

California State Athletic Commission partially listened to howling plea by Senator Commissioner **Jules Conroy**, appearing for Los Angeles promoter **Cal Eaton** and Olympic Amateurism, just as patiently snuffed decision to deny approval for proposed middleweight title bout between Champion **Roger Bay Robinson** and Golden Boy Art Aragon.

HORSE RACING

Willie Hartack, nation's hottest jockey, hosted horse five winners for second time in week, got his biggest payoff aboard **Charlton Clay's** unbeaten homestead **Leahak**, who coasted to four-length victory in \$96,188 Arlington Lassie Stakes for 2-year-

olds at Arlington Park. Declared happy Hartack: "She's a hell of a filly . . . by far the best miss I've ever ridden."

New York State Racing Commission gave formal approval to Greater New York Association plan to build new Aqueduct "dream track" at cost of \$38 million, paved way for early start by splitting Aqueduct half dates between Belmont Park and Jamaica. Also approved: renovation of Belmont Park at cost of \$5 million.

AUTO RACING

Pat O'Connor, N. Vernon, Ind. speed specialist, whipped his **Sears** Special around banked asphalt oval at record-breaking 124,833 mph to win **Pan Dee** 200-mile big car race at Darlington (S.C.) International Raceway, earned 400 championship points and \$4,189 in prize money.

Carroll Shelby, whose penchant for speed hardly matches his Texas drawl, got his 4.4 Ferrari horse ahead of pack by 25 seconds in 91-mile feature of SCCA race at Beverly, Mass. (see page 28).

DIVING

Tom McCormick, agile Los Angeles resident, gracefully swept all three diving events, 1-meter, 3-meter and platform, in AAU championships at Tyler and Houston.

MILEPOST

Dono Ernest Langston, 57, longtime chairman of fashionable **River Oaks** tennis tournament, member of Houston U. Athletic Council; of heart attack, at Houston.

FOR THE RECORD

ARCHERY

Paul And (Army lieutenant, Colorado Springs) 175 SPARKE, Anaheim, Calif., men's individual title.

ALLEN POWELL, Chino Hills, Calif., men's double title.

JOE MCGUIRE, Santa Ana, Calif., women's individual title.

JOHN SMITH, Palo Alto, Calif., women's double title.

AUTO RACING

JOHN R. GARDNER, Tulsa, 200-m. Grand Prix, in 1:12.11 at Tucson, Ariz., Feb. 2.

JOHN RICHARDS, Rancho Buena Vista, 200-m. Grand Prix, in 1:12.11 at Tucson, Ariz., Feb. 2.

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CALIFORNIA WONDER Svaga shows his famous knee to Mister Gun as he equals world record of 1:46 1/4 for mile and eighth while winning \$166,236 American Handicap at Hollywood Park.



EASTERN MILLIONAIRE Natchez, sporting blinkers after two successive defeats, sprints across finish line in \$83,890 Suburban Handicap at Belmont and toward possible meeting with Svaga.

COMING EVENTS

July 13 through July 22

MONDAY, JULY 13

Auto Racing

NASCAR convertible race, 190 miles, Lincoln Speedway, Aboltsstown, Pa.
U.S. Auto Club midget race, Galesburg, Mich.

Baseball

● Chicago vs. Pittsburgh, Chicago, 2:25 p.m. (Midwest*).

Boxing

● Rocky Cardelli vs. Joey Giambini, middleweight, Mad. Sq. Garden, New York (20 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC).

Harness Racing

Massachusetts Trotting Derby, \$18,000, Foxboro, Mass.
National Pacing Derby (Invitational), \$25,000, Westbury, N.Y.

Horse Show

East Bannington Horse Show, East Bannington, Mass.

Tennis

New England Father and Son Grass Court championships, Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Mass. (through July 15).

Track & Field

AAA Olympic Decathlon tryouts, Crawfordsville, Ind. (also July 14).
AAA championships, White City, London, England (also July 14).

SATURDAY, JULY 14

Auto Racing

Coca-Cola 400, 400 miles, Martinsville, N.C.
British Grand Prix, Silverstone, Northamptonshire, England.
NASCAR convertible race, 50 miles, Wall Stadium, Belmar, N.J.

Baseball

● New York vs. Cleveland, New York, 3:45 p.m. (CBS*).

● Boston vs. Chicago, Boston, 1:55 p.m. (Midwest*).

Horse Racing

Winnipeg Handicap, \$100,000, 1 1/4 miles, 3-yr.-olds and up, Monmouth Park, N.J., 5 p.m. (NBC*).

Arlington Classic, \$300,000, one mile, 3-yr.-olds, Arlington Park, Ill.
Hollywood Gold Cup, \$200,000, 1 1/4 miles, 3-yr.-olds and up, Hollywood Park, Calif.
Eggenman Handicap, \$25,000, 1 1/16 miles, 3-yr.-olds and up, Jamaica, N.Y.

Sailing

Port Henry-Machias Island Race, 235 statute miles, sail boats, Light House Point, Long Point, Nova Scotia, Yacht Club, Capt. Terry Lyle.

RORC 5.5-class championships, Larchmont, N.Y. (through July 20).
New Hampshire Lightning Class championships, Seaboard Bay, Lake Winnepesaukee, N.H. (also July 15).

Swimming

U.S. Men's and Women's 200 Meter Freestyle, Fresno, Wash.

Tennis

USTA Clay Court championships (men's singles, doubles; women's singles, doubles), River Forest, Ill.

SUNDAY, JULY 15

Auto Racing

U.S. Auto Club stock car races, Milwaukee.
U.S. Auto Club sprint race, Indiana Speedway, Scott, Ind.

Baseball

● New York vs. Chicago (N.Y.), New York, 2 p.m. (Midwest*).

Horse Racing

The Swedish Derby, Malmö, Sweden.

Motorboating

Solar-Pont Powerboat Race, Solar Bay (Lake Ontario), N.Y.
International Boundary Race, St. Clair River, Mich.

MONDAY, JULY 16

Baseball

● Boston vs. Cleveland, Boston, 1:55 p.m. (Midwest*).

Boxing

● Jimmy Stuke vs. Wayne Belsh, heavyweight, St. Nicholas Arena, N.Y. (18 rds.), 10 p.m. (ABC).

Golf

Scottish Amateur championships, Troon, Scotland (through July 22).

Motorboating

Alaska Race, Nenana, British Columbia in Juneau, Alaska (through July 24).

Tennis

Middle States Women's Grass Court championships, Philadelphia Cricket Club, Pa.
First International Intercollegiate Court Tennis Match, Lords, London, England (through July 18).
Pacific Northwest championships, Tacoma, Wash.

TUESDAY, JULY 17

Baseball

● Chicago vs. Philadelphia, Chicago, 2:25 p.m. (Midwest*).

Dog Shows

Isle of Man National Sheepdog Trials, Isle of Man (also July 18).
Middlesex County Kennel Club, Middlesex Show, Concord, Mass.

Harness Racing

The Bethwick, \$10,000, 2-yr.-old brothers, Saratoga Springs, N.Y.
The Saratoga, \$10,000, 3-yr.-old trotters, Saratoga Springs, N.Y.
Finger State Pacing Classic, \$20,000, Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

Horse Racing

Los Angeles Handicap, \$25,000, 6 furlongs, 3-yr.-olds and up, Hollywood Park, Calif.

Swimming

All-Play Swimming Meet, San Diego, Calif.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 18

Baseball

● New York vs. Detroit, New York, 1:55 p.m. (Midwest*).

Boxing

● John Holman vs. Willie Pastore, heavyweight, Chicago Stadium, Chicago (18 rds.), 10 p.m. (ABC).

Horse Racing

Equusette Mile, \$50,000, one mile, 3-yr.-olds and up, Arlington Park, Ill.
The Avonlea, \$20,000, 5 1/4 furlongs, 2-yr.-old fillies, Jamaica, N.Y.

Harness Racing

World Championship Tournament, Waukegan, Ill.

Horse Show

Sideline Quarter Horse Show and Race Meet, East, Okla. (through July 21).

THURSDAY, JULY 19

Auto Racing

Corby Desper Mile, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
SCCA Spartan Tyddon Road Race, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Baseball

● Chicago vs. Philadelphia, Chicago, 2:25 p.m. (Midwest*).

Harness Racing

Three Year Old Trot, \$20,000, Downs, Ill.
Great Midwest Stake, \$10,000, 3-yr.-old trotters, Marksville, Ill.

Horse Racing

Starter Stakes, \$75,000, 6 furlongs, 2-yr.-olds, Hollywood Park, Calif.

Boxing

California Borden, Salinas, Calif. (through July 22).
Opden Fanner Days, Ogden, Utah (through July 24).

Swimming

Senior Outdoor Women's Swimming championships, Tyler, Texas.

Tennis

Scott Western Handicap, Wichita Sun Club, Kan. (through July 22).

FRIDAY, JULY 20

Baseball

● Boston vs. Detroit, Boston, 1:55 p.m. (Midwest*).

Auto Racing

U.S. Auto Club midget race, Cincinnati Race Bowl, Ohio.

Baseball

● Chicago vs. New York (N.Y.), Chicago, 2:25 p.m. (Midwest*).

Boxing

● Terry Johnson vs. Terry Anthony, light heavyweight, Mad. Sq. Garden, New York (12 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC).

Golf

PGA Championship, \$40,000, Blue Hill Golf Club, Canton, Mass.

Harness Racing

Great Midwest Stake, \$10,000, 3-yr.-old pacers, Martinsville, Ill.

Horse Show

Lakeville Horse Show, Lakeville, Conn. (through July 22).

Yachting

International Yachting Regatta, Helsinki, Finland.

SATURDAY, JULY 21

Auto Racing

U.S. Auto Club midget race, Jeffersonville, Ind.
NASCAR Late Model race, Roanoke Gray Stadium, Western-Salem, N.C.

Baseball

● Boston vs. Detroit, Boston, 1:55 p.m. (Midwest*).

Horse Racing

Arlington Futurity, \$75,000, 6 furlongs, 2-yr.-olds, Arlington Park, Ill.
The Westover, \$75,000, 1 1/4 miles, 3-yr.-olds and up, Hollywood Park, Calif.
Bellevue Handicap, \$25,000, 1 1/16 miles, 3-yr.-olds and up, Jamaica, N.Y.

Law & Bowling

121st Annual Tournament, Western Ontario Bowling Association, London, Ont.

Sailing

Chicago-Marineau Ocean race, Chicago.
Northwest race week, Matchless, Mass. (through July 28).

Tennis

Pay Loring Handicap, Pine Sun Club, Stroud, Ill.

SUNDAY, JULY 22

Auto Racing

U.S. Auto Club sprint, New Bremen, Ohio.

Baseball

● Detroit vs. Boston, Boston, 2 p.m. (Midwest*).

Motorboating

25 Mile Naut. Championships, Gay Meadows, Calif.

Motorboating

Newport Regatta, Newport Harbor, Conn.
Florida Old Pacific Island Regatta, San Diego, Calif.

*See local listing.

● TV ★ COLOR TV ● NETWORK RADIO: ALL TIMES E.D.T. EXCEPT WHERE NOTED.

Once again the young man from Australia dominated
the famed British Open, which is fast becoming a

THOMSON TEA PARTY

HOYLAKE, ENGLAND

ON THE LINKS of the Royal Liverpool Golf Club at Hoylake, Australia's Peter Thomson won the British Open golf championship for the third successive year. This was a feat which had not been accomplished since Bob Ferguson beat 39 competitors with a score of 171 for the two rounds at St. Andrews, Scotland in 1882. In terms of golf these were prehistoric days. The Royal Liverpool Club was 13 years old—it had been founded in 1845 in the Royal Hotel, into which you can still slice your second shot to the 17th, by Mr. J. Mair Dowie, after whom the short 7th hole is called today—and it was to be 12 more years before the Open was first played in England. Between then and now the only time the three-year record was in danger was in 1907 when the great James Braid, the most modest of men, declared he would have won had he not burst his braces (suspenders to you) at the 8th hole in the final round. This too was at Hoylake.

The winner was Arnold Munn, the only Frenchman to win the British Open, as a result of which he christened his newborn daughter "Hoylake," presumably pronounced "Oylak."

Times change, and the British Open is not perhaps what it used to be, either in the days when all the giants of golf were on this side of the Atlantic or during the annual American invasions of the Golden Twenties. But, with nearly a century of history behind it, the Open retains a quality possessed by few other golfing events—one of them is the Masters tournament at Augusta—namely, that the occasion is greater than the man. People who have been good enough to win it, and would have given anything to win it, have in the end been overcome by it. Thomson—youth, debonair, not overawed by tradition or history—is not one of these. His record over five years is a very remarkable second, second, first, first, first.

Through the Canada Cup having been played the week before, this was, I suppose, the most International Open championship since golf began, as witness the countries represented by the first 18 players—Australia, Belgium, Mexico, South Africa, Scotland, Argentina, England, United States, Eire, Wales and Spain.

From the United States we had several welcome visitors—and none more welcome than the oldest, Gene Sarazen. Can it really be 24 years ago that we watched the smiling, stumpy figure striding up the last hole to win at Sandwich? To qualify for the final day in the wind and rain at Hoylake at the age of 54 is no mean achievement, and there was general sorrow when he withdrew to fly home for the funeral of his friend, Carl Snyder, killed in the Grand Canyon air crash.

BIG BALL, SMALL BALL

Frank Stranahan came again, bringing memories of the last Hoylake Open when he needed 2 to tie and came within inches of halting his second shot. He did well enough with 72-76-72-76 to finish 16 shots behind. Also the veteran Pete Burke, who had been playing a British 69-year-plus; Ernest Kenyon, for the curiously styled world senior championship, an event which, with all respect to the participants, makes as little impact here as doubtless it does in America. Finally, Muselman Mike Seachak, who made an excellent first impression with 74-74-74-72 in conditions which most have amazed him. In the first qualifying round he was at one point 10 over par but managed to get away with it. As a result, Sarazen thought he would win. "He can reach every hole here in 2," he said, "and he's had his scare." Seachak played fine stuff through the green, but had difficulty with the small ball when he got there. As one who plays habitually with both, and despite anything which even Hogan may say to the contrary, I am satisfied that it is more difficult to change from big ball to small than vice versa. Anyway, all who met Seachak at Hoylake hope to see him again.

Looking back, it was Thomson's championship from the start. He lay well with a 70 on the first day, led only by Dennis Smallden of Wales (58) and Enrique Bertolino, two-time Argentine champion (59). On the second day, with another 70, he took the lead from Bertolino and Roberto de Vicenzo—Bertolino having bounced back into play off the wrist of a holiday-making Liverpoolian standing out of bounds in



"If you're not going to relax, let us sit there!"

Porsches won the day, but race fans at Beverly

will not find it easy to forget the roar of the

TEXAN TORNADO

THREE HOTTEST DRIVERS in the Sports Car Club of America these days is an irrepressible Texan named Carroll Shelby. He never has more fun than when he is winning races, and last weekend at the Sports Car Club of America national meeting at Beverly, Mass. he had a whale of a time.

Before Shelby got his turn, though, there was speed aplenty on the A-shaped, 2.8-mile Beverly Airport course. The fastest race of all was an 18-lap scramble of classes F, G and H modified cars in which the Porsche Spysiders of Jack McAfee and Ed Crawford duelled fiercely from the start.

Crawford gunned his bright blue car into the lead and kept it there for three laps, but on the fourth McAfee's silver one, which has accounted for a long string of victories, nosed ahead. After McAfee stayed ahead for three more laps, Crawford's pit crew flashed a "hang on" signal. Crawford hung on so well that he overtook McAfee.

On the last lap the cars streaked side by side into the homestretch. The last corner, a right-angled right-hander, was decisive. As McAfee went deep into the turn, Crawford squeaked through on the inside and picked up a split-second advantage that he kept to the finish line.

The Crawford-McAfee affair was so keenly contested that it produced the day's best time, an average speed of 80.2 mph, although larger and faster cars were yet to be seen.

In each of the remaining races there was a runaway triumph.

Take the 18-lap event for Class D production cars—the race of the Mercedes 300SLs and Austin-Healeys. When Charlie Wallace put his famed 300SL into the lead, he was there to stay. SCCA Champion Paul O'Shea made it close for a few laps, but then began losing oil—and ground—and Wallace lapped every car but O'Shea's before taking the checkered flag.

A hands-down victory in the 65-mile Class C production race went to Dr. Richard K. Thompson Jr. in a beauti-

fully tuned Corvette. Jaguars captured the next three places.

A rewarding day for Porsches, highlighted by Crawford's narrow victory, was rounded out by the performances in this little speedster by E. M. Pupully in the Class G production race and Lake Underwood in the run for E and F production cars.

As the feature race approached, Carroll Shelby was as relaxed as the cattle ruminating on an adjacent hillside. The unrelenting drizzle which had made the previous day's practice an unpleasant and inconclusive chore had ended in the night. The sky was sunny now, the air cool. Cool enough, Shelby thought, to keep the engine of his 4.4-liter Ferrari from misbehaving during the 35-lap, 91-mile race ahead.

That there would be more rain had been the hope of Masten Gregory, the

bespectacled young Kansan whose 3-liter Ferrari Monza was giving away more than 70 hp to the Shelby Ferrari. Gregory knew that he could not long keep up with Shelby on the straightaway, but he calculated that rain-slick asphalt would cause the more powerful Ferrari to spin its wheels on fast getaways from the corners and thereby give the Monza an edge.

Dry course or not, Gregory was out to diminish Shelby's fun. So were 36 other cars of classes B, C, D and E modified, notably four D Jaguars and Jack McAfee's 3.5-liter Ferrari. Driving the Jaguars were Louis Brero, the Californian who finished close behind Shelby at Elkhart Lake, Wis. two weeks before, Ernie Erickson, Sherwood Johnston and Johnny Bassett.

Shelby, wearing his beloved tattered overalls and a short-sleeved pink shirt, zipped out in front of the pack when the starter's flag fell.

Johnston, who had escaped injury in a serious accident at Elkhart Lake, pressed Shelby for two laps and then dropped back behind eager Masten Gregory. Within a few laps the pattern of the race was firmly established—Shelby ahead, pursued by Gregory, with Johnston cruising unthreatened and unthreatening in third spot.

Gregory upset the pattern briefly but dramatically. Winding his engine up to the point of risking a breakdown,



he doggedly closed the gap between his blue and white Ferrari and Shelby's red speedster until, after 12 laps, he was only a second behind. Gregory's brakes, better than his opponent's, gave the Kansan a chance to pick up precious yardage at the corners; he could afford to delay longer than Shelby before backing off.

On the 14th lap Gregory achieved the improbable feat of passing the flying Texan and even managed to snatch a precarious lead now and again through the next lap.

FIRST FOR KEEPS

When Shelby seized first place on lap 16, it was for keeps. Shelby had more punch accelerating out of the corners, and the miracles of speed Gregory could accomplish by straining his engine to the limit could be effortlessly matched by Shelby.

Hervo's bid to make up for a bad start was valiant. His D Jag picked off car after car, but 12 laps from the end, while lying fifth, he was forced out by a broken oil line.

Shelby inexorably stretched out his lead over Gregory until, at the finish, he was ahead by a comfortable 16 seconds. More than a minute behind Gregory came Johnston.

Shelby grinned as he accepted congratulations from Gregory (who, incidentally, came out of the race with a badly blistered right hand. He had misplaced his driving gloves and had driven barehanded).

"Weren't we having a lot of fun?" Shelby laughed.

"Man, I thought we were going to hang each other going into those corners," Gregory said. "I hate to be second, but if I have to be second to somebody, I'm glad it was you." (KRM)

WINNERS

FIRST RACE: Clam G. Production,
E. M. Papafili (Porsche 1388) 65.6

SECOND RACE: Unrestricted,
G. Weaver (Mazda) 71.2

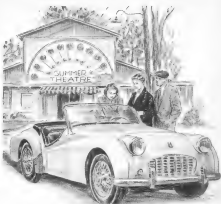
THIRD RACE: Overall,
E. Crawford (Porsche Spyder) 80.2

FOURTH RACE: Overall,
L. Underwood (Porsche Carrera) 75.5

FIFTH RACE: Clam D. Production,
C. Wallace (Dodge) 71.5

SIXTH RACE: Clam C. Production,
K. Thompson Jr. (Corvette) 73.7

SEVENTH RACE: Overall,
C. Shelby (Ferrari) 73.9



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BE HAPPY, GO HEALTHY WITH BONNIE

Energetic Bonnie Prudden not only teaches people how to exercise but makes them love every minute of it

by DOROTHY STULL

THE CAREFUL barefoot executive shown in the pictures at the left, perched on her office desk in shirt and shorts, provides convincing proof—more convincing than a gymful of statistics—that exercise makes the woman. In this case the woman it has made, both physically and economically, is Ruth (Bonnie) Prudden. Miss Prudden exudes a contagious aura of having a wonderful time, which presumably explains her success in the unlikely business of selling body conditioning, a commodity that in these comfort-loving times would seem about as salable as a covered wagon. At 42, Bonnie (who looks 30 years younger) is the complete opposite of the classic caricature of the unattractive gym teacher. "I'm living life to the hilt," Bonnie says, "you have to be in good shape for that."

As owner-director-teacher at the Institute for Physical Fitness in White Plains, N.Y., Miss Prudden (everybody calls her Bonnie) commands respect, devotion and substantial fees from some 400 businessmen, housewives and children from the age of three to 85, whom she cajoles, challenges and charms into going through muscular exertions they would never dream of tolerating under other circumstances. The explanation is simple: they have fun doing it. Bonnie, more than any other person working in the field of physical fitness today, has taken the sheen out of exercise and restored the joy, has given people a taste of the almost wild exhilaration a child feels

climbing trees and balancing on fences.

Bonnie is bursting to share a secret with the world: how to feel and look better through exercise. She doesn't advocate exercise because it improves your character but because it's fun.

Under Bonnie's magic spell, sophisticated suburban matrons delight in scaling mountainous walls (right) and even master the art of hanging upside down by their knees. And some of them, victims of A-bomb era tensions, discover for the first time the blissful euphoria of purely physical fatigue.

"Every woman needs to be attractive," says Bonnie, "but to be so is not our due for being born, it is our reward for physical activity."

Many women who do their own housework protest that they get plenty of physical activity at home, but Bonnie, with a directness that is typical of her, replies bluntly: "Housework won't raise a beam to where it belongs or keep it there. [Chin-ups and push-ups will, she maintains.] Housework is no good for all-round muscular fitness," she explains, "because all the work is done from the elbow. With all our gadgets, the only work left in housework is opening the door of the washing machine or pushing the vacuum cleaner."

The need to compensate for this

continued on page 40

BAREFOOT EXECUTIVE. Bonnie Prudden perches on her office desk to expose a point on fitness, laughs at responses during conferences with members of her staff at her White Plains, N.Y., physical fitness school.

LEARNING THE ROPES. Two students follow Miss Prudden up 16-foot climbing wall. The color denotes difficulty: yellow is the easiest, blue harder, red is Mt. Everest.





ANOTHER GIANT FROM THE VALLEY

by COLES PHINIZY

With Bob Mathias retired, along comes Rafer Johnson, breaking records and ready to take on all comers for the Olympic decathlon title

IN THE SOUTHERN half of the San Joaquin Valley, in the California farm towns of Selma, Reedley, Kingsburg, Fowler, Dinuba, Visalia, Tulare and Orange Cove, a standard American mixture of many races, creeds and nationalities prosper from the bumper yields of a rich flat land. Through the shifting athletic seasons the small high schools of these valley towns have produced a fair crop of giants for the world of sport. Some of these giants have gone into the football stadiums of the West, and some notable ones of late, such as Discus Thrower Sam Innes and Decathlon Champion Bob Mathias, have become world-beaters in track. It was a bit over a year ago that another of the valley's boy wonders became a track champion of the Western world. In March last year Rafer Lewis Johnson, 19-year-old favorite son of the 2,600 people of Kingsburg, Calif., won the decathlon championship of the Pan-American Games.

News of Johnson's victory was carefully noted in some foreign corners of the world where decathlon interest runs high. Since Johnson's score of 6,897 points was 286 less than the best of the Russian champion, Vasily Kuznetsov, the news from Mexico certainly was passed through the growing ranks of Russian trackmen. It is doubtful if Johnson's performance attracted as much attention here as it did abroad. There are probably not, in fact, many Americans outside Johnson's home valley who can rattle off with conviction the 10 events of a decathlon test.

However, Johnson had scarcely crossed the finish line at Mexico City

in each of the four running events, the 100-meter dash, the 110-meter hurdles, the 400-meter dash or the 1,500-meter run, and he had scarcely made a mark in the broad jump, shotput, pole vault, discus, high jump or javelin before his followers back in Kingsburg knew not only his times, heights and distances but also his point scores and ranking in the competition.

The people around Kingsburg got the news of Johnson hot and fast from

THE OLYMPIC TRIALS

The U.S. Olympic Decathlon Trials will be held at Washburn College in Crawfordsville, Ind., on July 13 and 14. The winner will be the 1954 national champion, and the first three will constitute this year's Olympic decathlon team. Rafer Johnson's chief competition will come from Milt Campbell, runner-up to Bob Mathias in the 1952 Olympics at Helsinki and national champion in '53; Pete Vassler and Defending Titleholder Bob Richards; '56 Runner-up Bob Lawson; Aubrey Lewis, the Notre Dame football star, and High Jumper Ernie Skelton.

a small local radio station, KRDU, which kept direct phone contact with Mexico City. Since the results from Mexico would have reached the valley almost as fast by normal news channels, KRDU's effort seems unwarranted, even for a local boy. The best that Al Nehring, a part-time Kingsburg sportscaster, can explain it, the town has had a high regard for Rafer Johnson since he was a grammar school boy. A special effort of news-getting seemed the least the town could do.

Though Sportscaster Nehring was assisted in reporting Johnson's per-

formance by Murl Dodson, the high school track coach, and Si Tyler, president of the Central California Association of the AAU, Nehring discovered that gathering news about a decathlon from Mexico takes some doing. For one thing, the people on the Mexico City end of the line did not seem to care much. They would pass on a few scattered results amid much giggling and tinkling of glasses and remind Nehring that it was siesta time. "It's no siesta for Johnson," Nehring would shout back. For another thing, the decathlon is a severe test for scorekeepers as well as athletes. In a decathlon a man competes, not directly against his rivals, but against the innumerable dimensions of height, distance and time. How a competitor does in each event is scored in points derived from scoring tables ranging from record-breaking performances to very puny ones. A decathlon scorebook is the size of a small phone directory, and, what's worse, the tables for the throwing and jumping events are graduated in meters. After a day of bad phone calls and computing scores, Sportscaster Nehring had the feeling a baboon with an abacus could have done as well.

"To let the people back here know how Johnson and the others in the decathons were doing in feet and inches," Nehring relates, "we strung out Si Tyler's measuring tape in the studio. It had meters on one side, and we could flick it over and read off the feet on the other. We wound enough tape out in the studio to read distances for the shotput, then we strung it on out into an office for discus distances, and wound it back and forth until finally in the reception room we got to the

continued on next page

RAFER JOHNSON

continued from page 13

javelin. If Johnson had done much over 190 feet in the javelin, he'd have put us in the washroom." Official word of Johnson's victory came while Nehring was off the air. Nehring wanted to sound the Kingsburg fire alarm to tell the whole town. Officials refused, but a brave friend rang the firebell anyway. This brought firemen and police, but no one was arrested. It was, after all, Rafer Johnson's day, and it seemed the valley had found a 1956 Olympic champion to replace two-time champion Bob Mathias, who had grown up in Tulare, 25 miles down the valley.

An international victory by a comparative unknown such as Johnson, the complexity of scoring, the giggling of indifferent people and bell ringing for a local boy are all characteristics of the decathlon that are likely to persist. It is not a sport that can spread grassroots-style in vacant lots. There will never be a large hot-stove following ready with scorebooks to settle arguments. There will always be many who know little about it, or who don't care. But, as Rafer Johnson's present coach, Ducky Drake of UCLA, observed last week while Johnson worked on the decathlon events that had gathered rust during the regular track season, "We do not do much thinking about the decathlon in this country, but at the right time a good man seems to come along." What is more fortunate, each good man who has come

along of late has brought a staunch local following and sustained regional enthusiasm for the decathlon in non-Olympic years. Rafer Johnson quite literally took over from Mathias. These two boys came down fairly similar roads to the decathlon. Anyone seeing Johnson now—broad-shouldered, lean and loose at the waist, 6 feet 3 inches and 200 pounds, yet always walking lightly with small measured steps—recognizes that some of his physical advantages were God-given. To supplement a good, large frame, Johnson, like Mathias, developed musculature and tuned his reflexes by going in for a variety of sports. At Kingsburg High he competed four seasons in football, track and basketball. Johnson also squeezed in a season of baseball, hitting over .500 because, as he now apologizes, "I beat out a lot of slow rollers." Along the athletic byways of UCLA, where Johnson has just finished his sophomore year, the coaches of other sports always have a warm hello for him. Football Coach Red Sanders still hopes to get drafts under Johnson for a season or two. Basketball Coach John Wooden may get Johnson's services for at least part of next season.

ONE LOVE THROUGH NOVEMBER

Johnson will remain devoted to track through Olympic time next November. He has already made the Olympic team as a 25-foot-plus broad jumper. The odd thing about Johnson's excellence as a broad jumper is that, although as a 16-year-old he could hit

over 20 feet, he did not compete in the broad jump until he was 18. Another Kingsburg freshman could do 22 feet; Coach Muri Dodson used second-ranker Johnson for points in the sprints and high jump.

In the summer of his sophomore year at Kingsburg, 18-year-old Johnson went down to Tulare to see 21-year-old 1948 Olympic Champion Bob Mathias break his own decathlon record and win a place on the 1952 team. "I didn't add up points on myself," Johnson says. "But I remember being very mad that I hadn't entered. I saw a number of boys that I could beat." The next year Johnson won a watered-down high school decathlon with 9,370 points.

In high school Johnson made A-minus grades and was elected president of the student body and about the only complaint anyone can make about him in those years is that he was a year or so late in coming along to take over the decathlon from Mathias. Between Mathias' Olympic victories, the decathlon flourished. The national championship was held three times in Mathias' home town, to crowds of more than 8,000. In 1953, 16,000 people in Plainfield, N.J. watched as home town boy Milt Campbell, runner-up to Mathias at Helsinki, won. In 1954, Mathias was a pee and Campbell was on the injured list. The decathlon was an unwanted orphan. Atlantic City, a show town, bid \$500 for the championships, and staged about the worst show on record. The attendance on the second day was 500, not counting the small boys who

THE WORLD'S THREE GREATEST DECATHLON PERFORMERS

Event	Rafer Johnson Kingsburg, Calif. June 10-11, 1952		Current world record in individual event	Vasily Kuznetsov Tbilisi, U.S.S.R. Nov. 15-16, 1953		Bob Mathias Helsinki July 25-26, 1952	
	Performance	Points		Performance	Points	Performance	Points
100-meter dash	0:16.5	1,125	0:16.2	0:16.9	945	0:16.5	945
Broad jump	26' 4 3/4"	962	26' 8 1/4"	23' 10 1/2"	898	23' 10 3/4"	779
Shotput	45' 3 1/4"	758	61' 4"	48' 11"	889	58' 2 1/4"	912
High jump	6' 3/4"	832	7' 1/2"	6'	895	6' 3 3/4"	900
400-meter run	0:48.7	868	0:42.2	0:51	772	0:50.2	828
150-m. high hurdles	0:14.5	952	0:12.4	0:15.3	840	0:14.7	894
800-m. run	1:54' 10 1/4"	845	1:54' 6"	1:55' 5 1/4"	855	1:53' 18"	858
Pole vault	12' 8 1/4"	688	15' 7 3/4"	12' 9 1/2"	695	13' 1 1/2"	745
Javelin	155' 10 1/4"	712	278' 5"	214' 4"	559	194' 3"	735
1,500-meter run	5:46.5	251	1:40.5	5:11.4	192	4:58.8	328
		7,585			7,647		7,887

sneaked onto the infield. Someone left a sprinkler running on the high-jump apron, the broad-jump runway started around a curve, and while officials gabbed idly, the leading contender, Pole Vaulting Bob Richards, raked the vault runway himself (and clinched the title with a 35-foot vault). The Atlantic City show had the impromptu flavor of a sack race, but the few knowing buffs on hand could extract some cheer. A Jersey high schooler, Aubrey Lewis, looked good in second place, and the big California boy, Rafer Johnson, who had been preceded by rave notices from the West, had, under the poor conditions, done well for third place.

After Johnson's victory in the Pan-American decathlon last year, Kingsburg bid for the national championships but was outbid by Wabash College, which conducted a good decathlon. At that, the nationals would have been an anticlimax in Kingsburg, for that June, in a regional decathlon meeting on his home grounds, Rafer Johnson swept through the 10 events with incredible finesse, beating Bob Mathias' seemingly unbeatable world record. As the chart on page 42 shows, Johnson beat Mathias in five of the 10 events and set a record of 7,985 to forge ahead of his prospective Olympic rival, Vasily Kuznetsov of Russia.

Rafer Johnson is now being called the world's best athlete. The same was said of Jim Thorpe, the first Olympic decathlon winner in 1912 and of Glenn Morris in 1936 and Bob Mathias in 1952. Johnson has become used to the fact that a number of clichés and pet questions swirl around the decathlon, and by now he meets them with a slow smile and a considered answer. A track buff asked him recently at lunch, why are Negroes so much better in track? This is a fairly new question for Johnson, who grew up in an almost totally white community. Probing his Jell-o with a spoon, he answered, "I don't think we are any better. I believe—and I've read this, so others must think the same—we perhaps have some things closed to us. The golf and like baseball was. Track has been open for a long time, and I think anybody does well where he has an opportunity."

Does Johnson think he can hang the decathlon mark up where no one can reach it? "If I could do anything no one else could do," Johnson has answered, "the decathlon really wouldn't be much, would it?" Floyd Simmons, a promising movie actor who placed third to Mathias both at London and Helsinki, seconds Johnson on this point. While Europeans may, man for



CHIEF FOREIGN THREAT. Soviet Decathlon Champion Vasily Kuznetsov, has improved steadily since mid-1954 and could score up to 8,000 points in the coming Olympics.

man, take more interest in the decathlon, Simmons feels better men will always be turning up here, largely because of our attitude. "The awe European competitors have for reigning champions seems to suppress their performances," Simmons points out. "Over here no track man holds champions in awe. We blast them down."

THE UNLOVED 1,500

The decathlon has been called "the most grueling test of all" of athletes. This is the oldest cliché of them all, and decathletes feel that it has come largely from the fact that the competition winds up with the 1,500 meters, which every decathlete hates. Nearly all decathletes run the 1,500 poorly since they can never condition themselves properly without cutting too much into the hours needed to improve technique in the other events. The decathlete actually does less on each day of a two-day competition than many competitors in a regular track competition. "It can be hard," Johnson points out, "but in a regular meet, I'll run a heat, then take some jumps, then a heat, then over to the discus,

then the shotput and then run final." Anyone who will not take Johnson's personal word that there are worse things than a decathlon can cast an eye at Johnson's coach, Ducky Drake, sitting at trackside chewing on a sprig of weed seed. Back in the '20s at UCLA Ducky ran the half mile, mile, two mile and relay all on one day.

On July 18 and 14 Johnson will be at Wabash College in Crawfordsville, Ind., competing in the national decathlon championships. The first three in this competition will make up our Olympic decathlon force for Melbourne, so the field of over 40 is the best ever. Milt Campbell, who failed to make the Olympic team as a hurdler, has come back into the decathlon. According to the form charts the rest of the field should not worry Johnson. In the year since he broke the world record, Johnson has improved in the high hurdles, broad jump, shotput, discus and 400 meters. If he can get his form back in the high jump and get anywhere near his best in the pole vault, the spectators at Wabash just might see the next Olympic champion making history.

(K.R.P.)

Jibes turn to cheers as a great racing state—and a great California chestnut—proudly prepare their

WESTERN ASSAULT

THE prosperous state of California is inhabited by men and women with almost unlimited energy, a willingness to learn and, most important of all, the desire to succeed. The fact that most of their harnesses down through the years have been on the wrong end of far too many jokes—mostly originating in Kentucky and directed at the

seven leading U.S. breeders in 1966 operate at least partly in California.

Statistics do not always convince skeptics, but the inescapable facts are that America's newest top breeder is a Californian and that a California-bred 4-year-old of his might well be one of the greatest race horses ever seen. The man is a former cowpuncher named

enthusiasm and money in most cases kept them going. The real pioneer, if one must be selected, of the group was Movie Magnate Louis B. Mayer, who, with the assistance of men like Neil McCarthy and Lundy Lawrence, built up the largest Western stable and breeding establishment seen up to that time. His luck in the selection of sires and mares held amazingly true year after year until he disposed of most of his stock a few years ago.

If Louis Mayer was the West's breeding leader in the '40s, in the '50s it is Rex Ellsworth, and not too far behind this quiet-spoken student of conformation and bloodlines must be ranked Mrs. Richard Lunn, Harry Warner, Frank Bishop, Phil Klipstein, Peter McBean, Elwood Johnston and Ed Goernans, Peter Strub, Dr. Frank Porter Miller, George W. Ring and still, to a certain extent, Louis Mayer.

FACES THAT HELPED LAUNCH CALIFORNIA'S VAST RACING EMPIRE



FRANK BISHOP

LOUIS B. MAYER

FRANK P. MILLER

REX ELLSWORTH

GEORGE W. RING

LOUIS ROWAN

supposed inadequacy of California-breds as desirable racing and breeding stock—has served only to stimulate the already strong and typical Californian desire to gain recognition. The time has come for a serious re-examination of the facts.

In the first place, Western racing is by no means limited to Hollywood Park and Santa Anita, which is all that many Easterners can see when they look down their noses. There are some 26 tracks for Thoroughbred racing located west of Denver, including six major tracks in California. California, of course, is the big apple in this widely scattered orchard and the Golden State has shown some amazing progress in the right direction. For example, California is direct contrast to Kentucky, had virtually no Thoroughbred breeding industry as late as 1908. And yet last year 18% of all U.S.-bred stakes winners in this country were bred in California—putting the state second only to Kentucky and way ahead of Virginia and Maryland. Five of the

Rex Ellsworth, his horse a long-balled golden chestnut with the unimaginative name of Swaps. These two individuals—with the help of nearly 500 other active members of the California Thoroughbred Breeders Association and their horses—have put Western racing on the map to stay.

A few years ago, Ellsworth and his fellow Mormon partner-trainer Mish Tenney were pointed out as typical California eccentrics who obstinately rejected the axiom that a few hundred square miles of bluegrass was the best place in all of America in which to raise good race horses. Then came Swaps.

We can return to Swaps a little later. Meanwhile dismiss the impression that these two are the only Westerners engaged in racing in a big way.

Actually, there were a few active California breeders way before the turn of the century. These men and their successors may have lacked a good deal of the professional know-how as well as the superior stock of their contemporaries in Kentucky—but their

What are the reasons for California's new breeding prominence? Said Lou Rowan, president of the growing California Thoroughbred Breeders Association: "Our breeders have searched the world for top broodmares. We now have between 250 and 300 who are as fashionable as you can find anywhere. The best example of this is the recent purchase by Ellsworth of 41 broodmares from the Aga Khan. It was Rex's intention to secure representatives of every good female line in Europe, and a good many of them are in foal now to very fashionable sires."

Another major point, says Rowan, is vastly improved animal husbandry on the farms. Ellsworth's ranch in China Jolly exploits the natural advantages of California, and Rex explained in his customary serious tone, "The old talk about horses having to be raised on that Kentucky bluegrass is just a lot of baloney. I've raised good horses in California in paddocks where there's absolutely nothing on the ground for them to eat, and everything

they get is put in their bin. I've been around horses all my life, and I know a horse should get plenty of exercise and fresh air. Rain him in southern California where he can mature outdoors 285 days a year and he'll develop naturally—or the way a horse was intended to develop."

California does not claim superiority over Kentucky—yet. Meanwhile the California Thoroughbred industry comprises approximately 390 farms and ranches encompassing over 100,000 acres and is worth somewhere between 150 and 200 millions. Californians, however, really pray for one thing more than anything else: another Swaps.

Swaps is the greatest thing that has happened to California since Charlie Chaplin left it. I won't be drawn into a controversy over what makes a horse great. But Swaps can stand on his record, one with very few blemishes when you consider that since early last year this colt has really been running on only three good legs and an unpredictable fourth limb. It is a gross understatement to say that Ellsworth and Tenney are proud of Swaps. The other afternoon, after watching him tie the world's mile-and-an-eighth record so easily (and the Hollywood Park strip with its three-inch cushion was no mere like the proverbial pasteboard that any number of Eastern tracks I've seen), Ellsworth said he thought Swaps was the finest horse he'd ever seen.

"What about Citation?" somebody asked him.

"Citation was often pushed," said Ellsworth. "This horse has never been pushed—and see what he does."

"What about Nashua?" "We'd like another crack at Nashua," he went on. "We're going east (Chicago, New Jersey and possibly New York) and I'd like to catch up with him somewhere."

Last week, after his Nashua had won

the Suburban Handicap at Belmont on the same afternoon Swaps was winning the American Handicap at Hollywood Park, Leslie Combs had this to say: "There may or may not be another match race. If Swaps comes east and is in any of the races we've entered in, we'll be delighted to meet him. I think they're two great horses, but I don't think another match race will decide anything any more than Chicago did. You'd still have factions that think Nashua's better and factions that think Swaps is better." And from Nashua's trainer, Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, "We're not too anxious to meet Swaps, but we won't hide from him."

This week both horses may go back into action. Nashua is the Monmouth Handicap and Swaps is the Hollywood Gold Cup. Their meeting, if there is one, would have to take place in the fall and most likely at either Garden State or at Belmont. After that it will be too late, for Nashua is scheduled for retirement to the stud after a farewell appearance at Keeneland in October. Will Ellsworth be sorry to see Nashua out of the picture? Yes and no. Yes, if Swaps hasn't had a chance to square matters with him first. No, on the other hand, because with Nashua down on the farm Ellsworth sees an even rosier future ahead for Swaps. It includes, for example, a full year of racing for the California champion in 1957. And a full year of racing for this jetlike animal who does things so effortlessly, with possibly as much pure speed as any horse who ever lived, could well mean—as even any non-Californian can readily see—a most serious assault on Nashua's money-winning record.

Californians fully expect such an attack, and they have no doubts that Swaps will succeed. I'm half inclined to agree with them. (E.M.R.)

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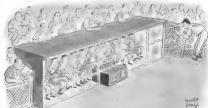
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THE CINCINNATI STORY

continued from page 19

From reported: "Missell clung to a 2-0 lead until the sixth, when Wally Post elbowed his 15th homer over the east-field fence. Gus Bell followed with a single, and Ted Kluszewski slammed his homer into the right-center bleachers. The homer . . . put Cincinnati ahead to stay."

Bell, the third man in this volatile trio, was obtained from the Pittsburgh Pirates in what must stand as the worst trade Branch Rickey ever made. Gabe Paul gave Rickey Catcher Joe Mauer and Outfielders Gail Henley and Cal Abrams for Bell in October 1932. Bell promptly hit .300, .299 and .308 in his first three seasons with the Redlegs, drove in more than 100 runs each year, was named to the National League All-Star team twice and made it again this year. Rossi never played another major league game. Henley appeared in only 14 and Abrams, after batting .288 for the Pirates in 1933, was traded on to Baltimore in 1934.

Paul should have his fellow baseball

executives wary by now for, although Frank Lane has the reputation, Paul ends up with the ballplayers. Thirteen of the men currently on the Redleg roster were acquired from other major league clubs, including such key men as Bell, Burgess, Starting Pitchers Brooks Lawrence (who has a brilliant 12-0 record) and John Klippstein. Relief Pitcher Herschel Freeman and Power Hitters Ray Jablonski and George Crowe. Paul acquired Lawrence from Frank Lane for Jackie Collum, a handy but hardly brilliant left-handed relief pitcher. He got Jablonski, a pitcher and \$50,000 from the pre-Lane Cards for Relief Pitcher Frank Smith in a trade remarkable for the fact that Paul 16 months later bought Smith back for only \$15,000.

But the Redlegs are not solely a trade-built club. A farm system, in operation before Paul moved up to head the club and vastly enhanced since by the sound direction of Bill McKeeble Jr., has produced such outstanding ma-

jer league players as McMillan, Temple, Bailey, Pitcher Joe Nuxhall and the 23-year-old rookie outfielder, Frank Robinson, all of whom are members of this year's All-Star team. And down on the farm in his first year is organized ball in the 18-year-old outfielder Curtis Flood, who brings a broad, beaming smile to Manager Tebbetts' round red face whenever his name is mentioned.

"Three years," Tebbetts says of Flood's minor league apprenticeship. "Three years at the outside, and then you'll see a real major leaguer."

When McMillan and Temple are in action it's hard to believe that there has ever been a superior partnership at second base. One play in a vitally important game last week caught the essence of their skill. With the Reds leading the Milwaukee Braves 2-1 in the seventh inning, Temple raced far to his right to stop what seemed to be a certain and damaging base hit. Without hesitating at all, he flipped the ball to an alert and waiting McMillan and breath-takingly turned the hit into a stunning double play that completely killed Milwaukee's hope for victory. That ended the Braves. The Reds held their slim 2-1 lead to the end of the game. Pitcher John Klippstein winding it up by striking out three men in the ninth. The last man to face him, with the tying run on first, was the slugging Ed Mathews. Klippstein threw two good low outside fast balls for called strikes and then pumped another fast ball down the middle, a little inside, and Mathews fanned. It was a stirring end to a memorable game.

Simmy Dykes, the Redleg coach who began his major league career in 1918, said: "I've been in baseball 40 years and you'd think I'd be used to it. But a game like that, that does things to you. That was a beautiful game."

The people are flocking into Crosley Field this year because of games like that and because of extravagant high-scoring games completely unlike it. They came into town from hundreds of miles away (Gabe Paul said a spot-check survey revealed that 59% of the fans who attend games at Crosley Field live outside Cincinnati). One man seated in the stands behind first base at a game last week said he had come up 100 miles from Russell, Ky. He didn't seem to think anything much about traveling that far to see a ball game.

This out-of-town element in the stands, important as it is to the Redlegs' season attendance, does tend to mute the partisan tone of the crowd. It is not so much a pro-Cincinnati audience as it is pro-baseball and,

X-RAY

TEAM PERFORMANCES

Team	W-L	Pct.	Runs	Hits	Errors	Fielding	Pitching
RED LEGS							
Cincinnati	9-2	.750	114-220	8	Post	233	Lawrence 12-0
Chicago	3-2	.600	111-90	8	Lindquist	200	Bundy 1-1
Baltimore	3-2	.600	107-90	8	Smith	200	Smith 1-1
St. Louis	4-3	.556	111-90	8	Adair	200	Adair 1-1
Pittsburgh	4-4	.500	111-90	8	Adair	200	Adair 1-1
Brooklyn	1-1	.500	111-90	8	Adair	200	Adair 1-1
Philadelphia	4-4	.500	111-90	8	Adair	200	Adair 1-1
San Francisco	1-1	.500	111-90	8	Adair	200	Adair 1-1
Philadelphia	3-4	.429	111-90	8	Adair	200	Adair 1-1
St. Louis	0-4	.000	111-90	8	Adair	200	Adair 1-1
AMERICAN LEAGUE							
New York	8-1	.889	111-90	8	Adair	200	Adair 1-1
St. Louis	6-1	.857	111-90	8	Adair	200	Adair 1-1
Chicago	4-4	.500	111-90	8	Adair	200	Adair 1-1
St. Louis	4-4	.500	111-90	8	Adair	200	Adair 1-1
St. Louis	4-4	.500	111-90	8	Adair	200	Adair 1-1
St. Louis	4-4	.500	111-90	8	Adair	200	Adair 1-1

TEAM LEADERS

Team	W-L	Pct.	Runs	Hits	Errors	Fielding	Pitching
RED LEGS							
Cincinnati	9-2	.750	114-220	8	Post	233	Lawrence 12-0
Chicago	3-2	.600	111-90	8	Lindquist	200	Bundy 1-1
Baltimore	3-2	.600	107-90	8	Smith	200	Smith 1-1
St. Louis	4-3	.556	111-90	8	Adair	200	Adair 1-1
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St. Louis	4-4	.500	111-90	8	Adair	200	Adair 1-1
St. Louis	4-4	.500	111-90	8	Adair	200	Adair 1-1

HEROES AND GOATS

Team	W-L	Pct.	Runs	Hits	Errors	Fielding	Pitching
RED LEGS							
Cincinnati	9-2	.750	114-220	8	Post	233	Lawrence 12-0
Chicago	3-2	.600	111-90	8	Lindquist	200	Bundy 1-1
Baltimore	3-2	.600	107-90	8	Smith	200	Smith 1-1
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St. Louis	4-4	.500	111-90	8	Adair	200	Adair 1-1

The Pied Piper of Hamelin had nothing on a Frenchman
who summons grasshoppers, crows and tree frogs with

CALLS OF THE WILD

DR. RENÉ-GUY BUSNEL, a vivacious French physiologist, has been visiting American scientific centers telling his audiences how he can whistle up grasshoppers and provoke numerous other reactions among members of the animal kingdom by subjecting them to a variety of sounds.

In this country certain uses are made of animal responses to sound. Hunters use crow calls, moose calls and duck calls. Bird watchers attract birds with squeaking devices. The recorded and amplified cries of a starling in anguish are used to scare off other starlings. But Dr. Busnel, who is director of the Laboratoire de Physiologie Acoustique of the Institut National de la Recherche Agronomique in France, has delved much deeper into the subject. He is a slender man with upright hair, which gives him a look of chronic astonishment. This serves to emphasize his startling pronouncements.

He recently described how he and his assistants had recorded the distress call of a crow when it was being attacked by a peregrine falcon. Then he showed pictures of them taking a sound truck out into the countryside where they played the recording real loud. Crows

came to the truck from two to three miles away and flew around it for 20 minutes, apparently intent upon ganging up on the falcon. They played the sound backwards and still the crows came from afar.

Dr. Busnel's most impressive experiment came when he demonstrated his power over female grasshoppers. First he described how the male grasshopper of this particular species attracts the females during the breeding season by emitting a series of sharp sounds. Then the lights went out and he ran color motion pictures of the experiment.

A Frenchman was stretched prone on the ground blowing repeated blasts on a small, shrill whistle. Some 20 feet away was a female grasshopper. Slowly she crawled toward the whistler, making her way over weeds and grass and sand. Slowly she walked up the Frenchman's arm, onto his face and finally perched on his nose right over the whistle. This was repeated time and again and soon grasshoppers were coming from several directions. One climbed up on the whistler's arm, disappeared behind his neck, then came into view over the top of his head and crawled down his face to the whistle.

At one point two Frenchmen, each with a whistle, stretched out on the sand some 10 feet apart and with a grasshopper between them. They kept calling the grasshopper back and forth until it seemed that the creature would develop schizophrenia.

The physiologist related his surprise during a meeting in his laboratory when a tree frog answered human applause. When the group clapped their hands the frog croaked. This led to more experiments, and Dr. Busnel played a recording of the frog croaking in response to a metronome and to pieces of glass being clacked together.

Going beyond his own experiments Dr. Busnel told how the Chinese repel hawks by putting whistles on the wings of their pigeons; that an automobile horn will make a hippopotamus rise out of the water; that certain sounds will make a crocodile open its mouth; and that African natives attract fish with a crude device which makes sounds under water.

The French scientist was loth to discuss the practical applications of his own discoveries other than to say that the economic use of some of them were obvious. It is evident that it would be a boon to farmers if they could call crows out of their corn fields. It also is plain that insect pests could be destroyed if the females could be called in at breeding time.

It may not be too farfetched to visualize a fisherman collecting bait by whistling up grasshoppers and crickets. Many people would like to order pigeons out of town and it would be good to impress upon rabbits that they should stay out of the garden. There is plenty that should be conveyed to mice and moles.

JLH/RO



THE OUTDOOR WEEK

EDITED BY ED ZERN AND TOM LINEAWEAVER

Based on regular weekly dispatches from 21 bureaus and special correspondents in the U.S., Canada, Mexico and overseas; and on reports from fish and game commissioners of the 48 states and Alaska

With few weeks remaining before Congress adjourns, conservationists are comforted by attention urgent issues have received in Washington

CONSERVATION AND THE 84th CONGRESS: A BOX SCORE

THE PROJECTS	STATUS	GAIN OR LOSS
MISSION 66: To improve national park facilities during the next 10 years, the Department of Interior requested \$66 million. Congress appropriated \$5 million. (OUTDOOR WEEK, March 18.)	Passed by Congress and signed by the President.	A decided GAIN . Present national park facilities cannot cope with either the present or expected number of park visitors.
UPPER COLORADO RIVER STORAGE BILL: This first formal infusion of Echo Park Dam in Dinosaur National Monument. Conservationists objected to encroachment upon national monuments and parks. Bill was amended to delete Echo Park Dam. (OUTDOOR WEEK, March 10.)	Passed by Congress and signed by the President.	Nothing but GAIN . The need for water and power, however, remains great and conservation will have to find a compromise with inevitable progress.
DINOSAUR NATIONAL MONUMENT: Two bills were submitted which would elevate Dinosaur National Monument to national park status.	In committee, but poor prospects for passage during the current session.	LOSS through inaction. But future passage is probable.
FISH AND WILDLIFE SERVICE REORGANIZATION: A recent executive order would have split the Fish and Wildlife Service and created a new Bureau of Fisheries to help economically ailing commercial fisheries. Conservationists held that sport fishing would be relegated to a back seat and certain marine mammals threatened. A new bill now offered in the House will leave Fish and Wildlife intact yet allow for more attention to commercial fishing problems. (OUTDOOR WEEK, June 10.)	Conservative hearings have been held and a bill acceptable to all factions is before the House. Passage possible by adjournment.	Probable GAIN —and certain victory—is the sense of a restoration of status quo.
OIL, GAS LEASES ON NATIONAL WILDLIFE REFUGE: When the granting of leases for oil and gas development on national wildlife refuges was liberalized, conservationists claimed that even under new and more stringent regulations to protect wildlife development would be harmful. The House Merchant Marine and Fisheries Committee earned an agreement from Interior that it would notify the committee 60 days prior to granting a lease. (OUTDOOR WEEK, June 4.)	Issue settled in committee hearings. No legislation formulates unless oil and gas development is proved harmful to wildlife.	LOSS , because of increased oil and gas leases. But if the new regulations governing such operations on refuges are adequate, as claimed, the loss will be minimized.
KEY DEER REFUGE: Congressman Charles Bennett of Florida has offered a bill calling for the establishment of a 1,000-acre refuge on the Florida Keys to protect the 125 remaining key deer. (OUTDOOR WEEK, March 12.)	In committee with little hope for action before adjournment.	LOSS through inaction. But here again prospects for the bill are hopeful.
WICHITA MOUNTAINS NATIONAL WILDLIFE REFUGE: The Department of the Interior has raised some repeated requests by the Army that it be given sole title to 50,000 acres of this refuge (Kansas) for its lands of buffalo and bighorn cattle adjacent to Fort Sill, Okla. The Army has provided and a bill has been introduced to award it the land. (OUTDOOR WEEK, June 4.)	Stormy committee hearings have been held. No legislation likely this year as Congressmen hope Army and Interior can work an understanding.	NO LOSS , since the Army does not yet have the land in question. The Armed Forces, nevertheless, are demanding more and more public land, and such action policy is forward. The situation for conservation is somewhat critical.
NATIONAL WILDERNESS PRESERVATION, 800131: President Dwight D. Eisenhower recently tossed a bill into the senatorial hopper which would give the wilderness areas a legal status in perpetuity. These areas differ from national parks and such, in that many are unbroken. (OUTDOOR WEEK, June 4.)	Referred to committee, and it is highly improbable anything will be done this year.	GAIN through congressional recognition of wilderness values. But the bill lists as wildlife refuge with interests which would like to see wilderness areas increasingly open to economic development.
COMPLIANCE WITH STATE GAME LAWS ON MILITARY RESERVATIONS: Even such as well as conservationists have charged the Armed Forces with often ignoring local game laws within reservation boundaries. (OUTDOOR WEEK, July 5.)	Hearings are in progress and Congressmen are urging legislation. Action unlikely before adjournment.	Considerable GAIN . Legislation would make the gain a large one.
QUETICO-SUPERIOR WILDERNESS AREA: Congress has appropriated funds to add 50,000 acres to Quetico-Superior.	Passed and signed by the President.	GAIN .
WABRUS BILL: This bill revises existing regulations and permits sportsmen to shoot one wabrus a season, but only when accompanied by an Indian guide to whom the meat, not the hide, must be given.	Passed and signed by the President.	GAIN , because making available a new big game trophy for sportsmen.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

TIP FROM THE TOP



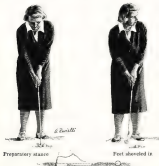
For weekend golfers
of both sexes

from BETTY JAMESON, San Antonio C. C., San Antonio, Texas

Golfers who customarily take pains to obtain a firm, correct stance before hitting their shots go to sleep frequently in this department when confronted with recovering from a bunker. I have in mind those times when the ball lies within the concave dip of a bunker in such a position that the player must stand a few inches above it or below it.

While there isn't much, as regards the stance, that a player can do if the ball lies above him—aside from making sure that he is properly balanced—when the ball lies below him he can greatly enhance his chances of a good shot if he will shovel his feet into the sand until they are down to the same level as the ball. He can then move into hitting the shot without "dropping" his swing inches below its normal plane in order to make the desired contact with the ball or the sand behind the ball.

The next time you are faced with this predicament, simply take your regular stance. Then, as you line yourself up and soak in the shot generally, squidge your heels back and forth in the sand until your feet and the ball are resting on the same level. You will probably play better trap shots, and really, you should, since you've made the shot an appreciably easier one.



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NEXT WEEK: BILL SHIELDS ON HITTING THROUGH, NOT DOWN



BASQUE GAMES

"The Basques are a rugged people, and the sports at their festivals are close to the soil. Log chopping, stone lifting, stone delling, scything and other country contests, music and folk dancing, are features of the games."



RING TILTING, HOLLAND

"This sport dates back to the Middle Ages when knights in full armor participated. Today in Walcheren, Dutch farmers riding saddleless workhorses carry on. This year's tilting falls on market day, lending it added color."

SPORTING TOUR OF EUROPE

The sports and games pictured here by John Groth's imaginative brush and pen are as indigenous to Europe as its ancient soil. These are the vigorous contests which Europeans stage among themselves as they have for many centuries. The rugged stone-lifting matches of the Basques, Holland's ring tilting, the horse race in Siena's lovely square are all imbued with traditions that lend them even greater color and excitement. "With all of the action, the color, the historical events," wrote Groth on his return, "the artist really has everything his heart desires. I would recommend to any friend who plans a European trip that he build his itinerary around the summer's sporting events."





BULLFIGHT, NAVARRE

"A Spanish holiday is not complete without a bullfight. Villagers without means use carts, barrels and wagons to make improvised bull rings. The toreadors are generally local boys."





THE 'PALIO,' ITALY

"This famous annual race is so popular that it has to be run twice each tourist season in Siena's beautiful square. Jockeys riding hunchback race for the honor of their costume. Losing jockeys were still fighting angry battles when I left the square after the race."

'CONCOURS HIPPIQUE,' FRANCE

"Trotting races through the roped-off streets of Orthen featured a three-day carnival sport program that included bowling and polo and created a colorful turmoil in this picturesque Pyrenean city. Bullfights and street dancing round out this joyous country fair."





CROSSBOWMEN, ITALY

"Teams of Swiss, Austrian, West German and Italian bowmen compete in international tournament in Gubbio's medieval square. In this antique situated mountain town, the century-old buildings are beautifully preserved, and when the entire population dresses up in costume for a pageant, like the figures in the background here, the whole town is a perfect stage."







RUNNING OF THE BULLS, SPAIN

"At dawn in Pamplona at festival time the fighting bulls chase the young men through the narrow streets. The course runs from the cattle pens at the railroad station to the Plaza de Toros. The San Fermín Fiesta is a religious festival, with bullfights, processions, games."



PELOTA, SPAIN

"Every village in northern Spain owns at least one pelota fronton. The game is similar to jai alai, and is passionately played. The courts are always busy—in the afternoon the boys, in the early evening the men. I sketched these priests playing in a village near Burgos."



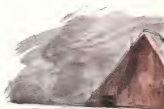
PAMPLONA'S DANCING MEN

"No one sleeps in Pamplona during the festival. People stream down from villages in the hills to join the celebration. Pamplona's boys, at least those that survive the horns of the bulls, dance, sing and drink in endless festive joy for 24 hours of each of the 14 days."



HIGHLAND GAMES, SCOTLAND

"As an exhibition of brute strength and skill, nothing I saw equaled the tossing of the caber at the Scottish games. This was the feature event; it was preceded by contests in light and heavy hammer throwing (a 16-pound lead ball flying off its whirling shaft whizzed past my ear, nearly ending both my art and sport career.)"



LOFTING THE VIADUCT, EIRE

"For being the first to loft a 150-lb. bowl over Cork's Chetwood Viaduct Mick Barry was presented with a medal. A tourist strolling in country Antrim and Cork on a quiet Sunday morning should be forewarned of these small cannon balls that may drop suddenly from the sky in this ludicrous and vigorous Irish sport."

ROAD BOWLING, EIRE

"I followed a road bowling contest with a host of enthusiastic betting Irishmen on a road to Cork. The contestants, reaching the end of the three-mile course with the lowest throw in the winner. Great skill is needed to keep the bowl on the falling lanes. There are frequent re-bowling steps, like the Boar House pictured below."



BONNIE PRUDDEN

continued from page 35

Increasing lack of spontaneous physical activity by putting exercise back into our lives was the problem that Bonnie and more than 100 other conferees faced recently at Annapolis during the President's Conference on Fitness (*First Step for Fitness*, SE, July 2). Bonnie spoke there, but her main contribution has been that she is a doer, not just a talker. "Talk, talk, talk," she says, her mobile face expressing deep concern. "The country is disappearing while we sit around and talk about it. It's like the story somebody told me of the people who argued about which fire hydrant to use while the church burned down."

Bonnie realized the church was on fire about nine years ago. She recalled the circumstances recently as she slipped off her working clothes in her office dressing room and got into a soft silk low-necked dress that clung to her figure. "My two daughters, Petie and Susan, then 3 and 4," she said, "were missing a part of childhood that I had known and loved. When I was a kid, we played outdoors all the time, we climbed trees, and I never walked anywhere. I always ran."

"My parents couldn't do anything with me. I wouldn't stay put. But then, I've always said the child who breaks out of his playpen is the most likely to succeed," she continued, glancing around her lavish office with the fresh batch of clippings mentioning her name piled high on her mammoth desk. As her eyes fell on the combination bar and lunch counter, she wandered over to it and made herself and guest a drink. "People think you shouldn't drink if you want to be a good example of fitness," she said, tossing her cropped head of curls. "I say, the main reason for having a good body is to get the most out of life—and that means having fun, and it may mean having a drink now and then."

"To get back to my childhood," she resumed. "You know, my family is supposed to be descended from Davy Crockett. Do you think I look like an Indian? Well, anyway, I acted like one as a child. Sometimes I would get out of bed at night, climb out the window, walk across a six-inch ledge on the roof, slide down a tree and go visiting. But my daughters weren't doing anything like that. So I asked them to bring five friends each to Scout House. I got them to run and jump and do all the things any child will naturally do if given a chance, but the disturbing fact was that some of the children just



THE SHAPE OF THE FUTURE is modeled by valiantly hysteresis as they exercise vigorously on the earth—a kind of jungle gym—to keep their curves in the right places.

couldn't run. They shuffled, and that seemed to be all they could do.

"I discussed this one day with Dr. Kraus [Dr. Hans Kraus, of the Institute of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation at the NYU-Bellevue Medical Center] as we rested on a ledge we were climbing thousands of feet up in the mountains, and I asked him whether there weren't some tests I could give the kids to show their improvement over a year. He advised using the

Kraus-Weber test." This is a series of six tests for minimum muscular fitness devised by Dr. Kraus and Dr. Sonja Weber and used in the Kraus-Prudden study which showed the physical superiority of European to American children. Each one is a simple movement like bending over and touching fingers to toes, and sit-ups.

The following year Bonnie tested her little exercise class, which by then numbered 40, and was dismayed to

find that 50% of the new students failed to pass the simple test. This was the beginning of her role as Kraus-Weber tester of schoolchildren which spanned seven years and a half-dozen countries and culminated in her being summoned, with Dr. Kraus, to the White House last summer to discuss the muscular superiority of European over American children. During all those years she was also running her expanding exercise school, and after she turned professional, every penny she spent on the Kraus-Weber testing came from the profits of the school.

TIME'S A-WASTING

"If you wait for a grant, time goes by, and this was—and is—a national emergency," Bonnie said. Then, utilizing a gift for dramatic exaggeration that often enrages her critics and competitors, she added: "I don't see this country lasting 30 years unless we get on the ball right away. We can't be equal with Russia in physical fitness for the next 20 years. We were once the greatest nation, today we're the weakest in the world. We've taken the physical life out of America. Now we've got to go right back to the beginning; we've got to exercise. There are not enough facilities or time for competitive sports to do the job."

Some physical educators, annoyed by Bonnie's flamboyance, still claim that she is a fanatic who can't know what she's talking about because she has no training in the fitness field. Her professional background, Bonnie readily admits, consists of 10 years working with Dr. Kraus and 10 years as a professional concert dancer. Many of her professional critics have capitulated, however, and have made pilgrimages to White Plains to observe her methods in action.

Bonnie's formal education ended with graduation in 1933 from the Harrow Mann High School. But among her other qualifications is the fact that Bonnie has been a sort of Babe Didrikson. She has participated and excelled in almost every sort of physical activity imaginable, including breaking horses. At the age of 4 she was studying ballet two and three times a week in Mount Vernon, where she lived with a younger sister ("She was called pretty, I was called healthy") and her parents. Her father, a busy newspaper advertising representative, fondly hoped that a vigorous regimen of dancing would wear Bonnie out so she would refrain from climbing out of the window in the middle of the night. It

continued on next page

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BONNIE PRUDDEN

continued from page 61

did make for fewer nocturnal sorties.

When she grew older Bonnie was on every team there was, and had a reputation as a tomboy.

"When I wanted to find out if I liked a boy, I'd climb a tree, and challenge him to follow me. If he couldn't make it he was out, as far as I was concerned." Presumably one of them made it, because she was married in 1938 to Richard Hirschland. (They were divorced two years ago.)

After her marriage, she took up skiing and mountaineering and, for a starter, climbed the Matterhorn on her honeymoon. When she and her husband settled in Harrison, N.Y., she became a member of the ski patrol and organized what she called the Adirondack Ski Club. "I ran it for 11 years, had over 1,900 kids as members and never a fracture. We demanded six weeks of work on the ground before we let them take to the snow. I started the first Junior Ski Patrol." She was given

teach," Bonnie said of herself and her assistants. "Our methods got results in fitness, and in pride, on a self-comparison basis. As a matter of fact, it's the institute for a lot of things besides physical fitness. One year five women in my classes got pregnant, and I said just because I'd relaxed and loosened them up I wouldn't take the responsibility for the results. All five returned to be reconditioned and later they brought the new babies too, so my roll was increased by five. It pays to turn out a fine product."

The product is turned out in a one-time public school, in which Bonnie has so far invested \$60,000 to \$70,000 of her own money. She converted the school into six gymnasiums, locker rooms, facilities for a massage room and snack bar and her Madison Avenue-type office (which even includes a tilting lounge chair like the one in the movie *Man in the Gray Flannel Suit*).

To be part of all this, adults pay \$3.50 an hour (children \$2.50) for a 30-week course which takes place in the gym or, when the weather is nice, outdoors on a red, yellow and blue obstacle course, euphemistically called "the physical fitness apparatus" (see chart, page 69).

Bonnie designed this ingenious muscle mover herself and had it built for \$3,000. Its excellence was underlined by a recent request for one just like it from Sargent College, the country's leading women's physical education teacher's college. Bonnie happily supplied Sargent—gratis—with detailed dimensions and instructions.

Such a gift seemed entirely appropriate to Bonnie, a woman more interested in spreading her doctrine than in increasing her dollars. It was in line with her taking her daughters out of public schools "because they weren't getting enough physical education."

"My daughters are my two stakes in America," said Bonnie with great feeling. "I want them strong and emotionally stable, to face what comes. Anyone without his head on backward wants the same things for his kids. But we can't just want; we have to act. Eventually," she said, pausing up and down vigorously, "I will put an Institute for Physical Fitness in every city in the country. I'll help wake up the public through my books. I don't plan for today. I plan for five years from today. The Chinese plan for five generations. If we could do that, we could maybe change the world," she ended.

No one looking at and listening to Bonnie would have doubts that she—if not the rest of us—could. **K.R.D.**

OVER THE HURDLES WITH THE AUTHOR

1 Carga nets. Any way I tried to go, it was head climbing.

2 Balance track. It looked easy, but modern kids threw me. The track seemed to be bumpy-trapped.

3 Hurdles, large. For some reason the hurdles were harder than the higher, solid ones. I made a belly-flopper dive on one of them—which was obviously the incorrect method.

4 Rope climb. I really expected to do better than just barely raise myself off the ground. I had grown to love.

5 Tires. Running through them like a football player, I felt as if I never would get my legs properly back in place once more.

6 Hump. Jumping off in like diving into an unclipped swimming pool. I didn't expect me to get my back apart again.

7 Weave. Slipping by my knees, I experienced a strange and wonderful sensation looking at the world from upside down.

8 Balance ladder. I crawled like a baby, but not quite so well.

9 Stakes poles. They were slightly slippery when I ran between them, but this is recommended exercise for skiers and tennis players.

10 Hurdles, small. Under one and over the other is the way, but I got stuck going under. I substituted this in experience, but it was still very embarrassing.

11 Balance maze. The trick is to balance on a plank about six inches wide which, just as I got balanced, turned at a 90° angle. Mostly a psychological problem.

12 Hapeli roof. I tried to pull myself up one side and let myself down the other, but I left skin on the rope.

13 Tightrope. The guide ropes are supposed to help. My ego got me out there, but Bonnie brought me back.

14 Parallel bars. I stretched a bar in each hand and tried to push myself off the ground. My protesting wrists shook as if I had polio, and I was happy to quit.

15 Climbing wall. Everyone else climbed except me, but their safety depended on the rope around my waist, which grasped a groove in my midriff. I knew what the adventure lady who is scared in her must feel like.

BONNIE'S BOOKS

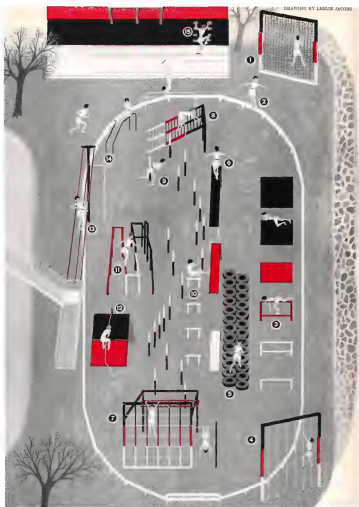
In Your Child Really Fit? (Harper, \$2.50) will be published this August. *Basic Exercise No. 1* was published by Institute for Physical Fitness, 1957.

the Eastern Amateur Ski Association safety award which had never before been presented to a woman.

Bonnie had firsthand experience with accidents when she was 22 and came down Suicide Six near Woodstock, Vermont and smashed her pelvis. "Something like that happens to you, but it doesn't follow that you've got to quit," she explained casually. Although her injury healed and she was able to get around by wearing a brace, the pain was so intense that she consulted Dr. Kraus. Part of his treatment for her consisted of exercises, which she reasoned could be used preventively before an injury as well as afterward. "There's such a connection between the almost and the O.K.; I turned what I learned there about pathology to the not-so-pathological of the so-called normal."

Whatever Bonnie learned is now applying at the institute, it certainly seems to work. Only 4% of her students fail the Kraus-Weber test (as compared with over 50% failure among American schoolchildren).

"We at the institute know how to





TENNESSEE TURFMAN

Andrew Jackson, owner of gamerocks and rugged duelist, was an outstanding horse racer of his day.

His one regret: he never defeated the mare Maria

by JOHN DURANT

WHEN ANDREW JACKSON moved into the White House in 1829, he brought with him from Tennessee a string of race horses and jockeys and a reputation as a leading western turfman. The White House stables were hardly adequate for his prize Thoroughbreds, and Jackson spent thousands of dollars rebuilding them.

Horses had been his passion since boyhood, and by the time he was 15 he was considered a shrewd horse trader. Later, as a lawyer in Nashville, tall, white-haired Jackson had operated the western country's foremost racing stable and stud farm at his home, the Hermitage, a baronial mansion and plantation. At one time he had 16 horses in training there and was part owner of Clover Bottom, a race track.

Some of his Thoroughbreds he trained himself, demanding of them the same relentless determination and physical stamina that were his own chief characteristics. "He worked a horse to the limit of endurance," the late Marquis James said in his Pulitzer Prize-winning biography, "but somehow implanted in the animal a will to win, a circumstance which epitomizes the character and elucidates the singular attainments of Andrew Jackson."

Of the horses Jackson trained, his favorite was Truxton, a big Virginia-bred bay stallion, sired by Diomed, the famous English import whose get-

tinged many top American horses (Lexington was one). The General had bought Truxton for \$1,170 shortly after the stallion's defeat in 1805 by Greyhound, an unbeaten gelding. Convinced that he could win a return match, Jackson vigorously threw himself into training Truxton and raising the \$5,000 to cover the side bet.

Interest in the race was so high that people were literally betting their shirts. Jackson accepted \$1,500 wagers in wearing apparel, and his friend Patton Anderson put up money, his horse and 15 horses belonging to other people. Many of the 15 had ladies' saddles on their backs, and Jackson, making a fine moral distinction, commented: "Now, I would not have done that." But it is likely that the horses of Mrs. Jackson and her niece, Rachel Hayne, were there too.

Fortunately for Jackson, Truxton beat Greyhound handily, and Jackson's reputation as an outstanding turfman was firmly established.

Truxton won many more races wearing Jackson's colors. The greatest was against Ploughboy, owned by Captain Joseph Erwin of Nashville. The contest between these rival stables grew so heated that later a duel was fought to settle the matter.

The horses had been matched once, but Erwin had called off the race and paid the forfeit.

When the race did run, a contemporary account in the *Nashville Federalist Review and Courierland Repository* announced it as follows: "On Thursday the 3rd of April next [1806] will be run the greatest and most interesting race ever run in the Western country between Gen. Jackson's horse TRUXTON, 6 years old carrying 124 pounds, and Capt. Joseph Erwin's horse PLOUGHBOY, 8 years old carrying 130 pounds . . . For the sum of 5,000 dollars."

The announcement attracted at Clover Bottom "the largest concourse of people I ever saw assembled, unless in the army," said Jackson. As was then the custom, the match was for the best two of three two-mile heats, horse against horse, winner take all.

A RACE AND A DUEL

Truxton went lame just before the race, but Jackson, despite the urging of his friends and backers, as usual refused to give up. The stallions were brought to the starting post and got off at the tap of a drum. To the surprise of almost everyone except Jackson, Truxton took the lead, held it and was going away. He finished so lame it didn't seem he could go another heat. But again the Hermitage stallion took command from the start and ran away from the other horse, winning in three minutes 59 seconds.

The outcome of the race didn't settle



IN CITY DRESS, JACKSON STROLLS ON HIS HERMITAGE FARM GROUNDS



AS PRESIDENT, JACKSON OFTEN HANDLED HORSES HIMSELF

the rivalry, however, as far as Erwin and Jackson were concerned. A misunderstanding over the terms of the forfeit paid by Erwin for postponing the race caused so much ill feeling that a month after the race was over a duel over the affair was fought between Jackson and Charles Dickinson, Erwin's son-in-law. Jackson allowed Dickinson to fire first, took the bullet in his chest without flinching, then calmly killed his man. The bullet remained in Jackson's body for the rest of his life.

Although horse racing took up most of Jackson's leisure time, he was also a cockfight aficionado. As a boy of 12, he already knew all the esoteric lore of the game cock. "How to feed a Cock before you him fight Take and give him some Pickle Beal Cut fine. . . ." wrote little Andy in his boarding school notebook. (He fought mains while he was Justice of the Tennessee Supreme Court, sometimes in the shadow of the courthouse where he had just presided.)

When Jackson was a boy, said Marquis James, "few could best him in a foot-race or jumping match, but he was too light to wrestle. 'I could throw him three times out of four,' a classmate said, 'but he would never stay thrown. He was dead game, never gave up.'"

Jackson was a hard man to beat, in war or in sports. But there was one horse he never could defeat, a mare named Maria, owned by Jesse Haynis of Sumner County, Tennessee. That horse cost him a fortune and eternally stuck in his craw. The mare came into prominence after Truxton's racing days were over, and she beat Truxton's son, Decatur, and every Jackson-owned or backed horse sent against her.

Many of these races took place during the War of 1812 while Jackson was fighting the British. During the Natchez expedition in 1813 Old Hickory wrote Colonel William R. Johnson of Kentucky to buy and send to the Hermitage "the best 4-mile horse in

Virginia, without regard to price" (for the purpose of beating Maria). The following year, while Jackson was facing the British at Mobile, he found time to ship horse two race horses.

An order issued by Jackson shortly before the Battle of New Orleans indicates a mind divided between racing and war. "I see in the *New Orleans Gazette* that Parcelt [the horse Col. Johnson had bought for Jackson] has beat the noted horse Doublehead," he began in a memo to General John Coffee, his lifelong friend, and concluded, "I have only to add that you will hold your brigade in complete readiness to march. . . ."

Parcelt never met Maria. In 1837, when he was an old man in retirement at the Hermitage, a neighbor asked the general if there was anything he had ever undertaken that he had failed to accomplish. "Nothing that I can remember," said Old Hickory, "except Maria. I could not beat her." (EWS)

TOWARD THE SUMMIT

Sir:

Thanks and kudos for Dorothy Stall's admirably informative and judicious reporting of the President's Annapolis Conference on Physical Fitness (SI, July 2). She ended her valuable article well by quoting Dr. Hans Kraus, to whom American schoolchildren generally owe more than they can ever repay, "In this conference . . . we've reached the first ledge in the climb for national fitness."

FREDERICK HAYD ROGERS

Brooklyn

MEASUREMENTS AND PROCLAMATIONS

Sir:

Since time immemorial "the younger generation" has been the whipping boy of certain of its frustrated elders.

Doubtless when the wheel first came into being, woolly-headed ancients proclaimed it the ruin of the younger generation which no longer would receive the invaluable physical and spiritual benefits of carrying heavy rocks on their heads. I am sure that the first man ever to straddle a horse was denounced as a corrupter of youth, whose collective leg muscles would surely atrophy now that the younger generation need no longer walk. We are all familiar with the prophecy of "a generation of physical neuters" supposedly to be produced by the newly developed mairsones. Did not Father walk his six miles to school every day as a youngster?

Now we have Dr. Kraus—his, to me, second-class measurements and his mountain-climbing double-talk.

I say it's nonsense. I have never seen a normally healthy youngster who was not swift to exercise, with bat and ball if he could, with stick and stone if nothing else was available. This is as true of boys as it is of girls. Any parent knows that children are just naturally eager to blow off steam any way they can. The "younger generation" is as fit or fitter than we ever were. If you don't believe me, take a look at your own Olympic gallery (SI, July 9).

CYNTHIA ROSSMAN

Dallas

IMPORTANT BUSINESS

Sir:

A physically fit nation is important; I am glad that important government leaders are beginning to take an interest. . . .

MRS. ROBERT M. GRAYLACK

Ontario

KEEP THE GOVERNMENT OUT OF IT

Sir:

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's articles, *\$9 Million Campers* and *First Step for Fitness*, struck me as terribly contradictory. The program for physical fitness under government tutelage sounds awfully similar to Hitler's and Mussolini's youth programs. Let there be no compulsory business. As SPORTS ILLUSTRATED pointed out, "physical fitness" is a very relative affair. Physical checksups on the President and his subsequent fitness show how arbitrary is human judgment.

E. C. SMITH

Drexel Hill, Pa.

THINK

Sir:

Hats off for Robert Creamer's idea: the all-opponents-team method of selecting baseball's All-Star teams (SI, July 9). Not only does SPORTS ILLUSTRATED think it stimulates. However, Ted Williams is not a slow, erratic felder.

CURT CHRISTFIELD

New York

LAUGHTER IN CINCINNATI

Sir:

I want to enter my vehement protest against the voting system that has placed five members of the Cincinnati team on the National League All-Star team. The players are all good enough, but it is unthinkable that five of eight starters should come from one team. I can name other players who are at least as good if not better.

Cincinnati fans must be laughing up their sleeves at how they caught the rest of the big league cities napping. Some of us, however, are not specifically Cincinnati fans, and perhaps it is not unusual that we feel completely cheated by this travesty of an All-Star poll.

The fault lies not with the Cincinnatians, who were only more clever and diligent than the fans of other cities, but with the Commissioner's office which first gives its blessing to this voting system and then allows the misarrange in the voting to stand.

For me, the 1936 All-Star Game will not start until after the third inning when, I hope, Walt Alton puts on the field a representative National League team.

ALAN L. CLEM

Washington, D.C.

TAKE IT AWAY

Sir:

We agree that the All-Star Game should be taken away from the fans. Certainly, some Cincinnati Reds should be on the team in '74, but we hardly think Roy McMillan outplays Ernie Banks. Ernie is the best shortstop to play in the majors since Horace Wagner.

J. B. DOWNHOLLOW

Mt. Vernon, N.Y.

BLACK FRIDAY

Sir:

In the game being played in Cincinnati? Or were only Cincinnatians' votes counted?

No regulars from last year? Roy McMillan over Ernie Banks? No Moris or Reider?

The day the selections were announced was Black Friday in baseball.

BRUCE M. STEINBERG

Park Ridge, Ill.

A TOST FROM CINCINNATI

Sir:

None of the five Cincinnati Redlegs who were voted as starting players for the National League team are shown on the July 9 cover. And yet two National League players, Ernie Banks and Duke Felder, are featured. Aren't you guilty of presupposition? Haven't you been guessing as the choice of the fans? Bank here is Cincinnati we have become inclined to being overlooked by the credit sportswriters in the Gotham area, but occasionally we scored our own horn.

HOWARD J. BRODLEY

Cincinnati

MR. CAPER

by AJAY



THE CASE FOR THE STATE DEPARTMENT ATHLETE

Star:

Mr. Avery Brundage, president of the International Olympic Committee, is discussing athletes as amateur sports is quoted as saying (SE, Feb. 6): "The State Department sponsors tours of our athletes to other countries. This sounds all right, on the surface. But what is it if it isn't using amateur athletes for political purposes?"

Mr. Brundage asks a question; he deserves an answer. So do the American people and our foreign friends in other lands who have played hosts to our great athletes while on goodwill tours abroad.

The American public, through Congress, gave the State Department a mandate to conduct an educational exchange program with the free countries of the world so that we may all come to know each other better. Within this program we exchange teachers, students, scholars and national leaders. In presenting abroad the various facets of our country's life we have elected not to exclude the sports area, for to do so would result in a distorted picture of our country, where sports are so much a part of our way of life. It is within the framework of this exchange program that outstanding American athletes have gone to other countries.

We believe that if we send abroad great men like Robert Frost, William Faulkner, Chief Justice Warren and many others from various walks of American life, great sportsmen like Bob Mathias, Jesse Owens and Sammy Lee should go too, to present a balanced picture of the American scene.

The promotion of the Olympic ideal—mutual respect and understanding among nations—is a big task. In working toward that goal, the International Olympic Committee can well stand some support from all Americans and from the governments and citizens of other lands.

American athletes on tours abroad have won immeasurable respect and abundant good will for the United States. Everywhere they have gone they have been welcomed by crowds of upward to 50,000 people at airports, stadiums, market places and school grounds. They literally had to inch their way through throngs of adoring fans. Bob Conditine, U.S.S. correspondent, in a column referring to Bob Richards' visit to the Orient, quoted the following from an observer in India:

"Bob's been doing a split week in India. He's the greatest thing that has hit Calcutta since they cleaned out the Black Hole. He's been traveling around places like Mysore and Bombay, Poona and Madras, pole vaulting and—more than just incidentally—making friends in a country where America could use a few. For the first week there wasn't a newspaper in India I picked up that didn't give Richards more space than Red China."

The chief editor of the West German *Morgenpost* expressed the feeling of Germany when he referred to the visit of the University of Pennsylvania's rowing crew as "memorable" and "as a type of solid German-American relations which really had impact and genuinely promoted friendship and better understanding."

Jefrey Schachtel, an Icelandic newspaper, mid of our recent team, "They displayed the best in fair play and sportsmanship

ever shown by a visiting sports team."

The *New York Times* in February carried a glowing account of Sam Fox's activities in Turkey: "The erstwhile golden star in the next thing to a national hero in the mountainous land of 25 million Moslems that straddles parts of Europe and Asia." The *Times* quoted the Governor of Istanbul as saying to Sam: "You have brought Turkey and America closer together." When Fox planned to return to the United States, Turkish children signed petitions, government leaders and newspaper editors raised their voices, all imploring him to stay.

An Englishman writing in the *Ceylon Times* said, "If the U.S.A. could only export a few more men like Bob Richards it would do itself and the world at large far more good than it will ever do with all its economic and military aid." All Americans may be justly proud of Richards' speeches



MATHIAS AND PARISTANI HOPEFUL

throughout the Orient. Typical of his remarks in India: "Peace that has been the dream of Mahatma Gandhi, peace that had been the dream of Christ can very well be fostered through participation in sports, and I hope my presence here with you will in some small measure help us attain the peace on earth all good people yearn for."

Jesse Owens supported the Olympic ideal everywhere he traveled, with statements such as this: "It is the participating that really counts; through this we come to know each other. This is more important than the winning, because years later the medals and trophies are tarnished, but the time comes when you ask yourself, what kind of man am I, what have I made of myself? Participating in sports can provide you, when the time comes to answer that question, with an answer of which you can be proud." Jesse Owens' "sports clubs" have sprung up throughout Malaya in such distant cities as Batu Pahat, Ipoh and Penang, places which Jesse visited and where he did his best work to help sports leaders in their efforts to provide wholesome activities for their young people.

An episode worthy of note here concerns Jesse Owens in Bombay. A commercial company offered him over \$1,000 to endorse its product. Jesse accepted, on the condition that the money would be turned over

to the Bombay Athletic Union to buy equipment for the youngsters of Bombay. This spontaneous, typically American gesture endeared Jesse Owens and his country to countless numbers of Indians. Similarly, when Mal Whitfield took off his track shoes, gave them to a star African athlete, then proceeded to run in his bare feet, he dramatically demonstrated the "good heart" of America, and, more, by running in his bare feet he showed in an eloquent fashion that greatness is attained not through material aids (such as "nailed" track shoes) but by self-discipline. With this one gesture he demonstrated the point that men have it within themselves to better their lot.

Incidents such as the foregoing occurred again and again throughout the good-will tours of our athletes, providing for those of us interested in the success of this program abundant evidence that genuine good will was generated, that our athletes were truly welcomed and that unquestionably our country has athletes of whom our people can be justly proud.

All our athletes have gone abroad at the invitations of the countries they visited. Prime ministers, heads of governments, university students, school children, and millions of citizens of other lands have paid great tribute to our sportsmen and have expressed in glowing terms their appreciation for our athletes' visits. Of importance is the fact that the Department of State has not sent a single amateur on a trip abroad without first working in close cooperation with the AAU or other governing body in order to insure that there would be no doubt about preserving the amateur standing of the athlete and to insure that his trip was arranged in accordance with the code of international amateur athletics.

Athletes of other nations have visited our shores upon invitation of the Amateur Athletic Union, universities and sports clubs. Most of them have won respect and admiration for their countries while here.

If our athletes have won for our nation abundant good will abroad, would any American citizen want it otherwise?

We hope that in the years ahead our friends in other lands will continue to clamor for our Sammy Lee, our Harlan Dillard and our Bob Mathias. It would be terribly ironic, however, if we had to discontinue the program because the abundant good will generated led to mistrust of our motives.

That our athletes have handled themselves commendably and have won admiration for the United States naturally pleases us, both as diplomats and as American citizens. But these sports ventures are not prompted by political motivation but rather by a sincere desire to enhance understanding in the world. Certainly on this earth today where there is so much misunderstanding and ill will among nations there is justification for a program that endeavors to help people—separated by mountains, oceans, and different cultures—to know each other better.

HAROLD E. HOWLAND
International Educational Exchange
Service, Department of State
Washington, D.C.

PAT ON THE BACK

DEANE BEMAN

At 18, this Bethesda, Md. high school boy is a veteran of the last two National Opens. Each time, in order to qualify, he had to outshoot a crowded field of experienced pros and amateurs in his area. So far, Deane has trailed in the Open itself, but among the titles he has collected are the Metropolitan Washington Schoolboy championship and the South Florida Amateur, both of which he has won twice. He will enter Maryland University on a golf scholarship this fall.

NCAA CHAMPIONS

New to intercollegiate athletics (which it took up in 1947), the University of Houston now owns its first NCAA championship trophy, held by the four golfers who won it the other day on the 7,196-yard Ohio State course. From left are Rex Baxter (a Masters and U.S. Open veteran), Jim Hickey, Dick Fazzino, Frank Wharton. Baxter, a 20-year-old from Amarillo, also won medalist honors with a 4-under-par 140 for the 36 holes. Purdue and North Texas State tied for second.



What? Gin 'n Nothing?

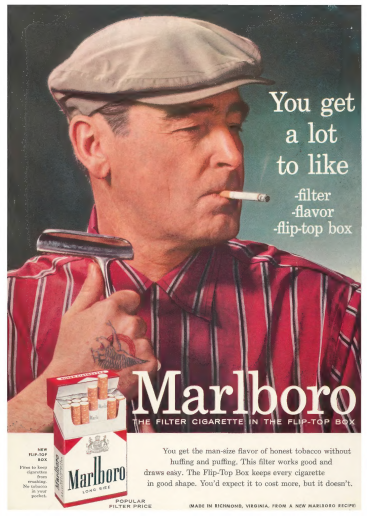


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A man in a flat cap and a red and white striped shirt is shown in profile, smoking a cigarette. He is holding a safety razor in his right hand. A small tattoo of a bulldog is visible on his right forearm. The background is a dark, textured blue.

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